Dec. 28, 1963

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"P-Please, Mister, how do I get out of these woods?"

The green telephone truck ground to a sudden stop on the woods trail.

Installer Jim Phillips looked down from his cab at a seven-year-old boy with a feathered headdress and a quivering lip.

"P-Please, Mister," said the small Indian, "I guess I must be lost. How do I get out of these woods?"

Jim smiled, choked back a laugh, and invited the boy to hop in. But he refused. Wise parents had taught him never to accept rides from strangers.

So Jim did the next best thing. He put his truck into low gear and with Chief Lost-in-the-Woods trudging along behind, led him six blocks back to civilization.

This little story is true—and typical of the spirit that telephone men and women bring to their work. They try to be good neighbors and give good service.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(*This week and next, most theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Every so often, this play by Edward Albee, who adapted it from a novelette by Carson McCullers, comes up with a decisive scene, but on the whole it is a rather murky affair. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio are splendid as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. The drama, by Henry Denker, is based on a chapter from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; on Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Chips with Everything—Arnold Wesker's ramshackle drama about an R.A.F. boot camp where the young men feel oppressed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, Sunday, Dec. 29, and New Year's Day.)

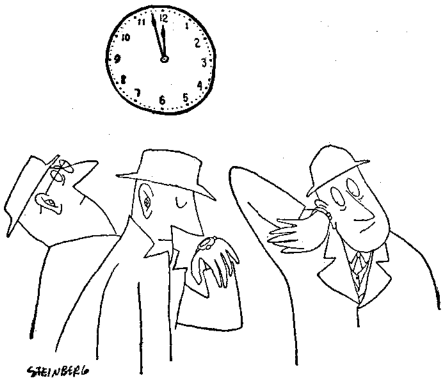
The Irregular Verb to Love—A clutch of oddballs rattling around in a loose-jointed English comedy that stars Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert. Hardly sidesplitting. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 2:45.)

Love and Kisses—A comedy by Anita Rowe Block, with Larry Parks and Mary Fickett. Produced and directed by Dore Schary. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. Albert Finney is outstanding as Luther, and the rest of the cast, under the direction of Tony Richardson, assists him handsomely. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)

Man and Boy—A case of drifting but not dreaming with Charles Boyer, who plays an endlessly loquacious financial big wheel much like the late Ivar Kreuger. The play was written by Terence Rattigan and directed by Michael Benthall. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday at 3 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 28.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston in a comedy by Ronald Alexander. The director is Gene Saks, and the producers are Philip Rose and Elliot Martin. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A fumbling attempt to find fun in an insane asylum. Kirk Douglas is on hand as an inmate. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and New Year's Day at 2:45.)

The Private Ear and The Public Eye—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; on Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

The Rehearsal—A comedy by Jean Anouilh that investigates the lives of some new-day aristocrats. Not the most spirited piece in the world, but one that is fortunate in its cast, which includes Alan Badel, Keith Michell, Coral Browne, Adrienne Corri, and Jennifer Hilary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 28.)

Spoon River—Some expert readings from Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated poems. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who conceived the affair) are the participants. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Long Runs—beyond the fringe: Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Weekdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)... **enter laughing:** A comedy about a Jewish boy (portrayed by Alan Arkin), who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinees Thursday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:40.)... **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; on Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)... **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Marathon '33—Julie Harris in a play adapted by June Havoc from her autobiography, "Early Havoc." Produced by the Actors Studio Theatre and staged by the author. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—A short order of schmalz having to do with a Middle European grand duke who gets involved with a Milwaukee hoofer in the course of the coronation of George V. The musical, which was adapted from the play by Terence Rattigan, has tunes and lyrics by Noël Coward and features Tessie O'Shea, Florence Henderson, Sean Scully, and José Ferrer. The production was staged by Joe Layton and has appropriate period sets by Oliver Smith. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées

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Enro shirt company asks prospective advertising agency about media schedule

Mr. M., do you think
we should advertise in
The New Yorker on
December 28?

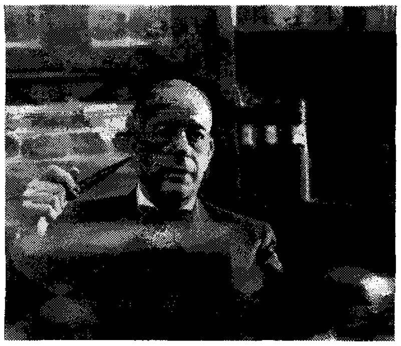
Great idea, Mr. R.!

You know, I suppose,
that's one of their **thinnest**
issues. Not much advertising.

Sure!
It's like having the only
jewelry store
on **Fifth Avenue.**

Yes, but we're in
the shirt business.
Is this a good time
to sell **shirts?**

Sell
shirts!
Mr. M.



After all, the gift season's over.
What could we possibly **say**
between Christmas and New Year's?

How about…

**"Enro, the name to
ask for when you
go back and
exchange everything"**

There **must** be
an easier
way…

Enro

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

Jennie—Mary Martin wastes her pretty talents in this glum enterprise describing the early life of Laurette Taylor. The book was written by Arnold Schulman, and the lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and New Year's Day at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—A new version of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist," more or less. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Joel Grey and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Weekdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Double Dublin—An Irish revue created by John Molloy and Noel Sheridan, who, with a singer and a dancer, make up the cast. Presented by Josephine Forrestal Productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore—Tallulah Bankhead, Tab Hunter, and Ruth Ford in Tennessee Williams' revised version of his play that was seen here a year ago. The director is Tony Richardson, the producer David Merrick. Previews Monday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Eve at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—A play by Enid Bagnold, with Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. Produced by Roger L. Stevens and directed by Joseph Anthony. Preview New Year's Eve at 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 2. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

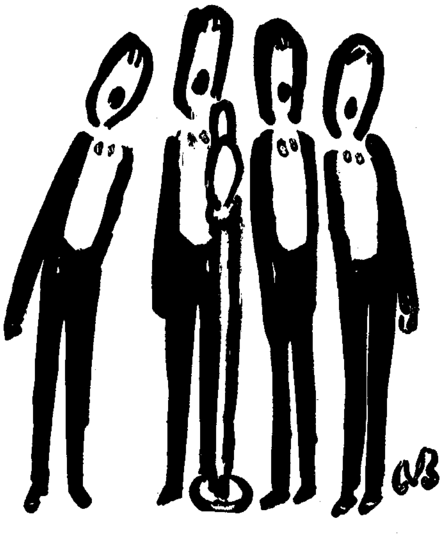
The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brontës—Margaret Webster in her solo program concerning Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Friday, Dec. 27, New Year's Day, and Friday, Jan. 3.)

The Burning—A group of conniving nobles and priests combine to destroy a colony of lepers in order to seize their land. A rather sombre and distant work that has its lively moments all the same. The setting is medieval France. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)



The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

The Ginger Man—J. P. Donleavy has turned his exhilarating novel about a rambunctious American in Dublin into a good comedy. It is only fairly well done, though. With Patrick O'Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Rae Allen. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maids—A revival, which should have been far less monotonous than it is, of Jean Genet's strange play about two malignant servants and the silly woman they work for. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

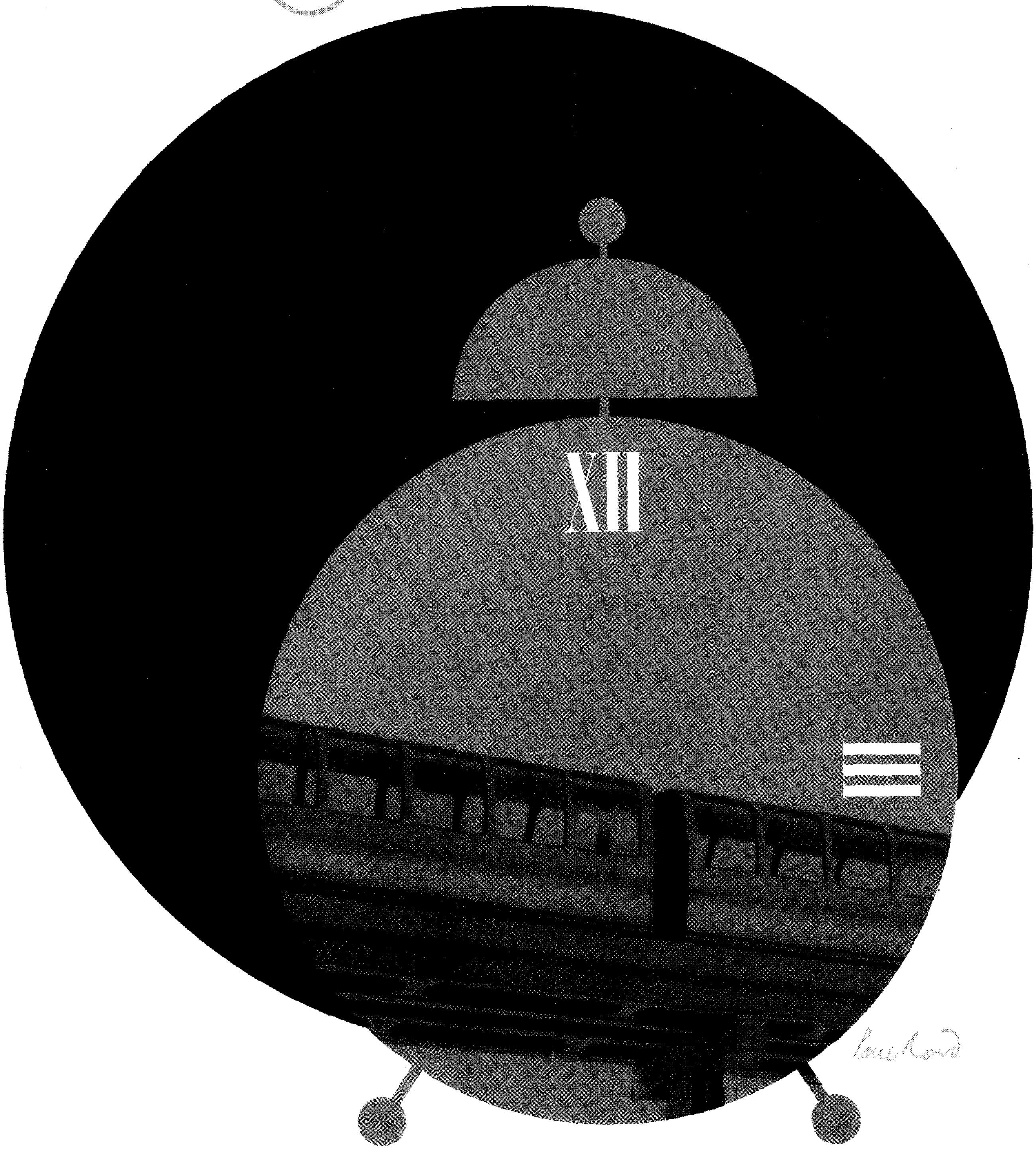
The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The

Westinghouse



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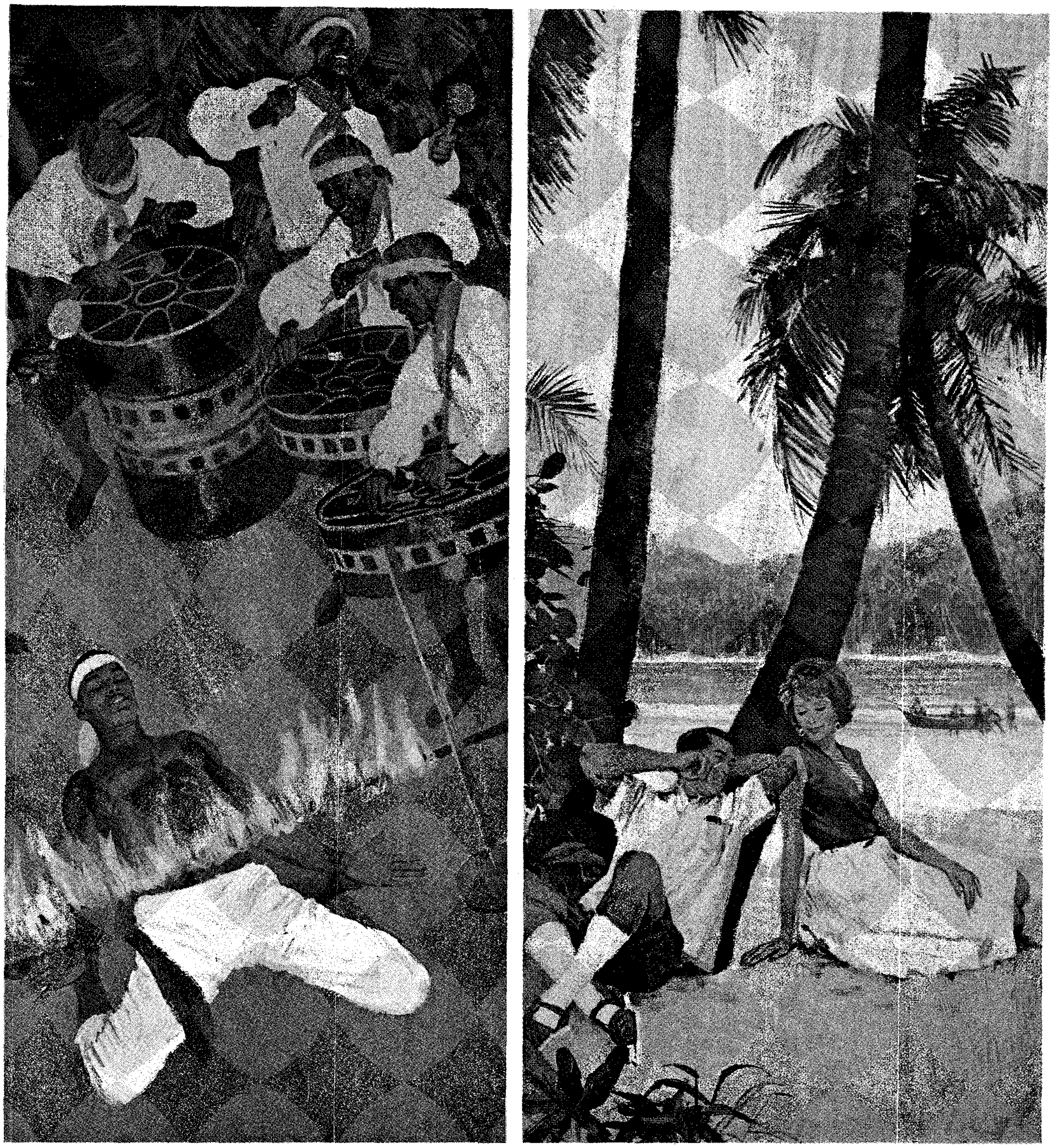

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight; on New Year's Eve at 8 and 11:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—Mildred Dunnock, Joyce Ebert, Carrie Nye, and Jane White in Edith Hamilton's version of the Euripides drama. Directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—Cicely Tyson in a dramatization of James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones," with Negro gospel music. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 11 and 4; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 12:30 and 5:30; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 4; and Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Fantasy," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "Meditation," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30: "The Chase," "Square Dance," "Interplay," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Raymonda Variations," "Arcade," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tamiris-Nagrin Dance Company—In a program that includes two new works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Club—A musical revue, "Funny Side Up!," is this year's undergraduate production. (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:15. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Patachou, who has the world on a string (where any sensible woman of the world expects to find it), winds up her wise and witty recital of ballads from the French and the American on Saturday, Dec. 28. On Monday, Dec. 30, Pearl Bailey, woman of the world of tumultuous give-and-take, starts another recital, of ballads devoted to hotsy-totsy hedonism. The scene is the Royal Box, where there's dance music for hours and hours. The recitals occur at dinner and supper, except on New Year's Eve (at twelve-fifteen only). Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is now surmounted by a pulpit in which Charles Turecamo's set of dance musicians go tinkle-tinkle from ten to three. Dickson Hughes arrives at five-thirty to chivy the pulpit's piano; at seven-thirty a crew of Cuban guitarists and crooners start circulating, and at ten they adjourn to the pulpit to help out the Turecamos. Absolutely no musical chairs on Sundays, though.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A contemporary dramatization of "Vanity Fair." Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagel's life-of-the-party orchestra are on the dead run all the night. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, Renato Rossini plays guitar, brisk at dinner and more hand-kissing later on. He's absent Mondays, but a Ben Cutler band is in a good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Leslie Uggams has stepped out of television and onto the floor of the Persian Room to prove that she's a real live singer. There are traces of her erstwhile ordeal by fire, but not enough to hurt. She's there at dinner and supper, except on New Year's Eve, when she shows up only at twelve-forty-five. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups do dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. New Year's Eve, though, dancing from ten until three will be the order of the evening in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is in its old, easygoing state of mind—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **in Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll through this Florentine garden, one can encounter such cosmopolitan company as Puccini, Mimi, Scarpia, and Cio-Cio-San. Their music master is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. As counterpoint, there's a tenor, Nino Veri, who pokes fun at all operatics. Thursday through Sunday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.... **EMBASSY CLUB**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The most eminent domain yet for Bobby Short. Amply backed by his aides, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and his own snap-the-whip piano, he does the best of the gay, play, and fey songs of our era. The Shorts commence at ten; Ray Hartley, an excelling keyboard man, begins at seven and stays around until one. On New Year's Eve, the room will open at ten, and the Shorts, plus Mr. Hartley and a dance quartet, will hop to it until three. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Piano in honor of the Blue Danube and tributaries takes place from six to nine every night but Sunday.... **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A prankish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's bass fiddle joins in the romp. The Downeys, of Eighth Avenue public-house renown, are the management. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at ten.... **GOGI'S**, 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): In the Romanesque walled garden of the restaurant belonging to Gogi, in earlier life Lord Mayor of the beloved *boîte* called Larue, there's piano by Tony Gorody, who throws new light (*clair de lune*) on Vermont, on Moon River, even on a Beethoven sonata. He plays from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little bower, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. New Year's Eve, though, he'll operate from ten-thirty to three. Forrest Perrin takes over on Sundays.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A wing of the Empress's palace that is more a monument to Napoleon than to Josephine. It is completely staffed—chef, barman, court musician, and all. The musician is Jules Kuti, whose piano discourses knowingly from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flock of accordionists.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the attitude, and unobtrusive is the piano that converses, off and on, from five until one every evening but Sunday.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sundays, they find a jazz duo. Closed New Year's Day.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday. New Year's Eve, the organ will be silenced, and a dance trio will expatiate from eleven until three. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has decided to put its small dance floor back to work, so a trio checks in at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A potpourri of girlery is the basis of "Diamond Fair," a new revue, for aside from a few male acrobats, magicians, and dancers, all dressed to the nines, there's nothing but bloom-of-youth ladies, dressed to the threes, twos, and ones. The Kim Sisters, Korean subdebs, are the most prominent members of this handsome and opulent extravaganza. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Thirty rousing cheers by Count Basie's newest band, and a dozen special songs by Keely Smith, a girl not given to stuff and nonsense. Closed Sundays.... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Turn up the video knob and turn down the audio knob, for the big, unbreakable dolls and the Charleston hoofers are the sole benefits to be derived from George White's newest and least gracious "Scandals." Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," Julius Monk's new society for the improvement of the breed of revues, is on its trial run. Again, Gerry Matthews is the chief spokesman, now aided by Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, seasoned students of the Monk Method; again, the pit band is William Roy, composer of most of the music, and William Colston; again, the director is Frank Wagner; again, twice

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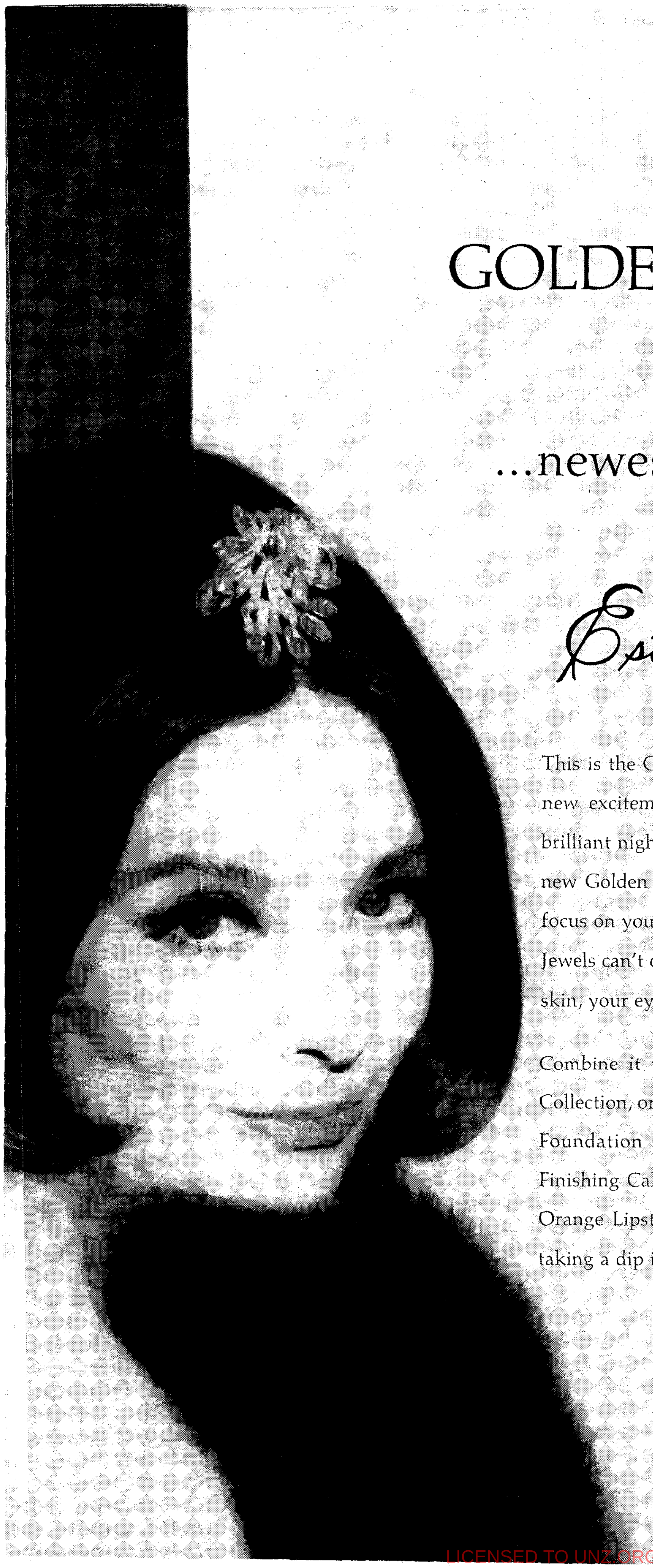

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a night is the regimen. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dave Astor, full of expostulation, does running-fire sort of comedy in the voice and manner of a drill sergeant. Also present: Reneaux, a magician who never ruffles his dovecote, no matter how often he makes its inmates appear and disappear, plus Lydia Wood and Brooks Jones, a well-turned-out young couple who have private means of unearthing undiscovered folk music. The establishment will be shut down New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 2; next evening will bring along Vaughn Meader in his new role of think-as-you-go itinerant philosopher, not to mention Fredricka Weber, a sunburst sort of oriole who likes to play the problem child, and another set of folksters, the Free Wheelers. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The players of the Second City company come and go, but Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, who are enough to delight anyone, are devoting all their time to its current no-cow-is-sacred revue. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment" is the third edition of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty. Peter Cook is its eminent principal author and thinker. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the expert cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. Miss Simpson's lyrics were invented by Stephen Vinaver. Hearings are held Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Teddy Wilson's jazz trio, which has a nightcap in the bar after the second show. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue in progress, is midnight pranks in a coëducational dormitory; the rest is a well-put minority report on certain ingrained national habits. Mary Louise Wilson, MacIntyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley are the ringleaders; Jane Alexander and Richard Libertini are their helpmeets. They take off at about nine-fifteen and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who throw a couple of grandstand plays into every choral or instrumental essay (or ecstasy), are doing dance music as well, and fervently. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturdays they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at nine-thirty. To this pomp and circumstance has now been added Señor Wences, who works his wonders of ventriloquism and puppetry with charm, with grace, and with the slyest of wit. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, a Cuban *apasionada* of limitless vigor, heaps eternal fire, and not a few sprigs of humor, on a set of ballads to which no one else seems to have access. The rest of the industrious little floor show is Cuban, too, and so is the dance music; the cuisine is worldwide Latin. Señorita Guillot and friends are there twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Herbie Mann, that unflagging flautist, is working out his new professional eleven in this venerable grotto, where, after a lapse of years, there is once again dancing. On Thursday, Jan. 2, a new collection of musicians (one of them Vi Velasco, a soprano of some repute) moves in. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The glory of the Lord and the glory of Gershwin are the topics in which Leon Bibb's mighty but nowadays more restrained voice is interested; the reëstablishment of Ireland as the playboy of the Western World is the purpose of the trenchant songs delivered by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem; the reeling of the senses is the idea behind the bop balladry of the bantering Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Yolande Bavan. This cavalcade of cacophony comes to an end on New Year's Eve. Thereafter, Fridays and Saturdays will be the work week, devoted to folklore and jazz. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. The Serendipity Singers, who are vehemently country song and country music, hold the floor, along with an assortment of other talkers and chanters. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The time: long, long ago. The place: a Mississippi flatboat. The cast: Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): The kind of beat that Damon Runyon might have patrolled. Through the hubbub one can often hear the skillful voice of Joe Mooney, an early experimenter in new art forms who is once more acting as head of a trio. Carol Sloane, who descends upon a jazz tune like a vernal equinox, drives a bit harder. The Mooneys and Miss Sloane are off duty Sundays, when Benny Golson leads a new-school band into action. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Gene Krupa's band of catalysts and Red Allen's thunderers (the Allens are practically permanent participants) get rolling. On Thursday, Jan. 2, Louis Bellson's fourteen-man task force will relieve the Krupas. Sundays visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's band ends its crying jag on New Year's Day, and Irene Reid ceases her trilling the same night. Next evening, Gerry Mulligan lets loose a band of thirteen pieces, all of them pieces of hot, shiny brass. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is modernizing music in its pet green pasture. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Thelonious Monk, the course of whose piano never runs smooth, is the volcanic force behind his band. Roland Hanna's threesome plays second fiddle. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, captained by Larry Rivers, an art-gallery exhibitor who has certainly lost his way. It plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld in befitting fashion. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, the quartet of Tyree Glenn waxes sentimental, waxes slam-bang. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's quartet acts up in lieu of the regulars. No activity at all on New Year's Day. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednes-

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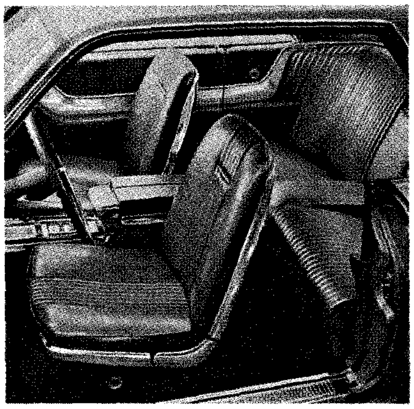

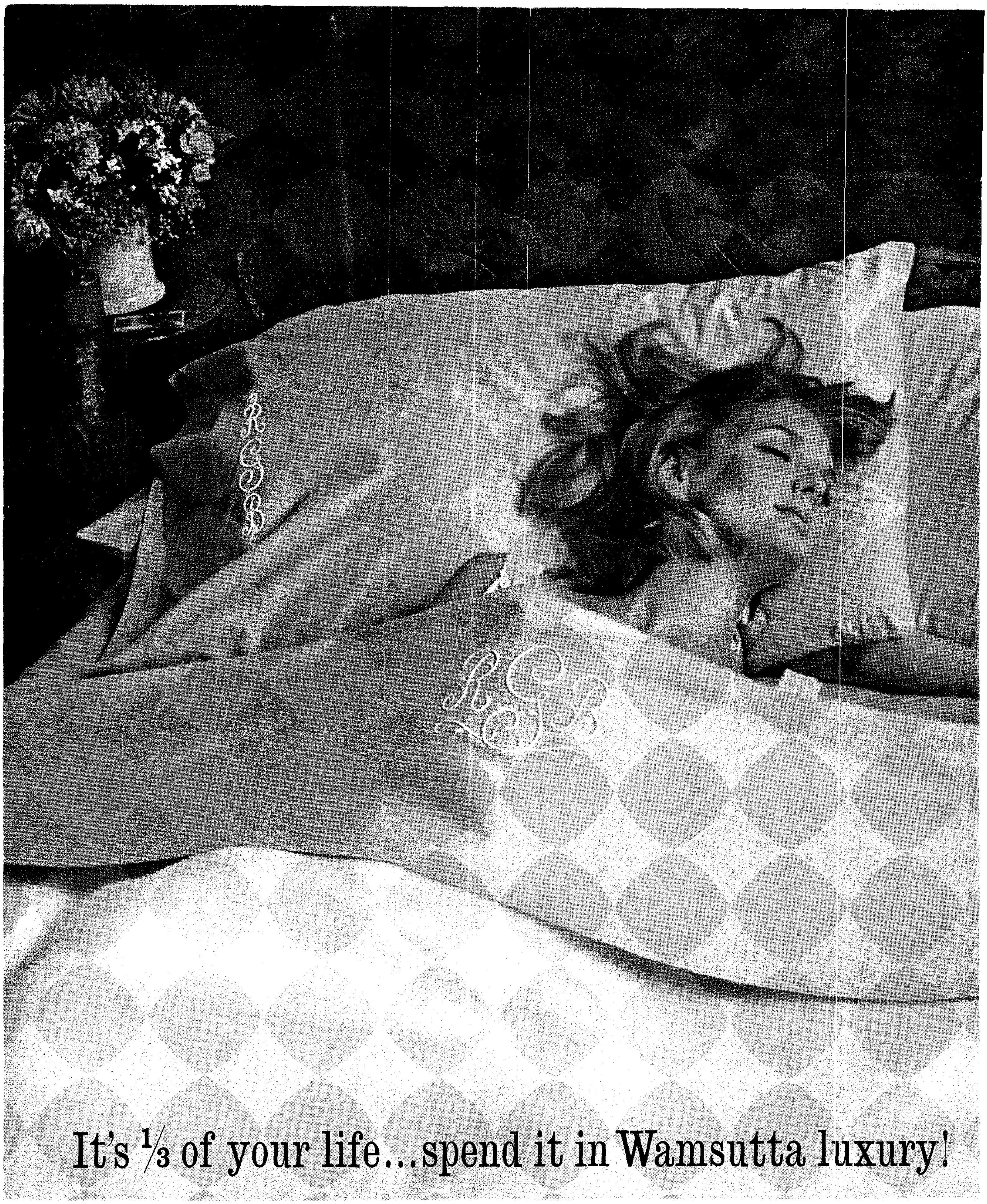

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SUPERCALE

day; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. During the holidays, there's music every evening.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

Ludwig Bemelmans (1898-1962)—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Cameron Booth—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fritz Bultman—Bronze sculptures, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Federico Castellon—Paintings and prints executed on a sojourn in Spain and France; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Self-portraits by the German artist; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Michel Elia—Marble sculptures, semi-abstract in style; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Johnny Friedlaender—Water colors and etchings by a Paris artist noted for his black-and-whites; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emile Gilioli—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract Expressionist oils by a Spanish-born American painter; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Eugene Higgins (1874-1958)—Realistic paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)

Franz Kline—A memorial exhibition of Abstract Expressionist canvases, mainly from the ten years or so before his death, in 1962; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Fritz Koenig—Figurative and non-figurative bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Jan. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

Jack Levine—Figurative drawings, etchings, and aquatints; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Jan. 18. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)

William Palmer—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece and upper New York State; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Shaw—Abstractions; through Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Theodoros Stamos—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Thursday, Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

African Art—Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and water colors by Eastman Johnson, Childe Hassam, Marsden Hartley, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, among them Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSBORNE**, 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Jane Wilson, and Hyde Solomon are four of the artists represented in a showing of landscape paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of toys made by Marisol, George Ortman, Alexander Calder, and other artists; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Drawings by (for instance) Afro, Max Beckmann, and Joseph Glasco; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including Gris, Kandinsky, and Utrillo; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: The gallery's fifth-anniversary exhibit, consisting of contemporary paintings and sculptures by Jean Arp, Max Ernst, Nicolas de Staël, and Vieira da Silva (to mention a few); through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Master drawings by, among others, Watteau, Fragonard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Matisse; through Jan. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including examples from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Albrecht Altdorfer's "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (circa 1518-20), on loan for the Christmas season from the West Berlin Stadtliche Galerie; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Asian art (loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation), made up of Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the sixteenth century, by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5. Closes Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 1.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at

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104th St.—A retrospective of paintings (interior scenes and portraits) by John Koch; through Wednesday, Jan. 1....¶ "Favorite Toys of Christmas Past, 1850 to 1910," featuring seven costumed figures of children surrounded by old-fashioned toys, ranging from china dolls and a mechanical bank to a cast-iron stove; through Sunday, Dec. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen of the Eastern States," a regional survey of work by American designer-craftsmen; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carrousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through Feb. 2. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, consisting of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A new installation of the Library's Berg Collection of manuscripts, letters, and other rarities of English and American literature. Among the items (selected from a total of 85,000) on view are several Virginia Woolf notebooks, a manuscript synopsis of Shaw's "Man and Superman," and an 1855 copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising a painting apiece by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Il Trovatore," with Luisa Malagrida, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . .¶ Friday evening, Dec. 27: "La Sonnambula," with Gianna d'Angelo, Joy Clements, Lili Chookasian, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "Don Giovanni," with Gladys Kuchta, Lucine Amara, Jeanette Scovotti, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Janis Martin, Sándor Kónya, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 30: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Flaviano Labò, George London, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 31: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance).. ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Gladys Kuchta, Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Janis Martin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, John Alexander, David Ward, Morley Meredith, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 4: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Janis Martin, Barry Morell, Cesare Siepi, and Vladimir Ruzdak.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, when Leonard Bernstein will conduct, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

New York Christmas Music Festival—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, final performances—Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: Bach Concerti for One, Two, Three, and Four Harpsichords, played by Sylvia Marlowe, Fernando Valenti, Robert Conant, and Pamela Cook, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of works by six members of the Bach Family, with Bernard Krainis, recorder, and William Read, harpsichord.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:45: Lukas Foss directing a chamber orchestra and the Fredonia Chorale, as well as playing the piano, in an all-Bach program.

Friends of Live Music Orchestra—Eric Simon conducting a program of Viennese music, with Marianne Weltman, soprano, and Wesley Swails, tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman directing a Bach-Schubert program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano; Alva Tripp, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and a chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Robert DeCormier Folk Singers—Robert DeCormier directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the fifth in a series of six all-Mozart programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Shakespeare Quattro-Centennial Concert—Music from Shakespeare's plays and time, performed by Beatrice Krebs, mezzo-contralto, John Langstaff, baritone; and the Stanley Buetens Lute Trio. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)... ¶ Thelonious Monk, with a ten-piece orchestra, in a program (postponed from Nov. 29) of his own compositions. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Dec 30, at 8:30.)... ¶ The John Coltrane quintet (with Eric Dolphy), Cecil Taylor's quintet, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8.)... ¶ The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by John Lewis and Gunther Schuller. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

((The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Dec. 31: Knicks vs. San Francisco.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—José Torres vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7. Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—**OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Hansel and Gretel," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 11.) . . . **NEW HORIZONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** Rosalyn Tureck, pianist, presenting an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

Ballet—The Scapino Ballet, from Amsterdam, Holland, presenting "The Princess and the Pea." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1 and 4; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 5:30; and Monday, Dec. 30, at 1 and 4.)

Christmas Circus—Aerialists, acrobats, jugglers, clowns, and lots of animal acts. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. JU 2-3877. Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, at noon, 2:15, 4:30, and 7:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2.) . . . **NANCY COLE'S PUPPETS:** "Edmund, the Mouse-Tronaut," Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 1. . . . ¶ "Salut, Guignol!" and "Punch and Judy," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, all at 3. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. OR 7-5070.) . . . **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "Seven at a Blow." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 2:30.) . . . **EXPLORE, INC.:** "Androcles and the Lion." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. OX 7-5853. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1 and 3:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 3:30; and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 29-30, at 1.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-Jan. 1, at 2:15 and 3:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MERRIMIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 26-30, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Heidi." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 2 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1; and Monday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1 and 2:30; Sunday, Dec 29, at 1; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1 and 2:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Little Fir Tree," and "Toyland," Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30 and 3; and Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 29-31, at 2. . . . ¶ "Long, Broad, and Quick-eye," Thursday and Friday, Jan.

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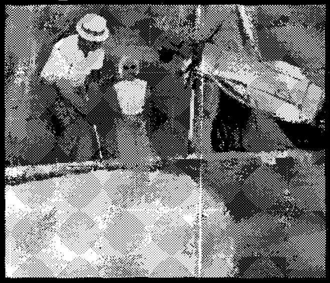

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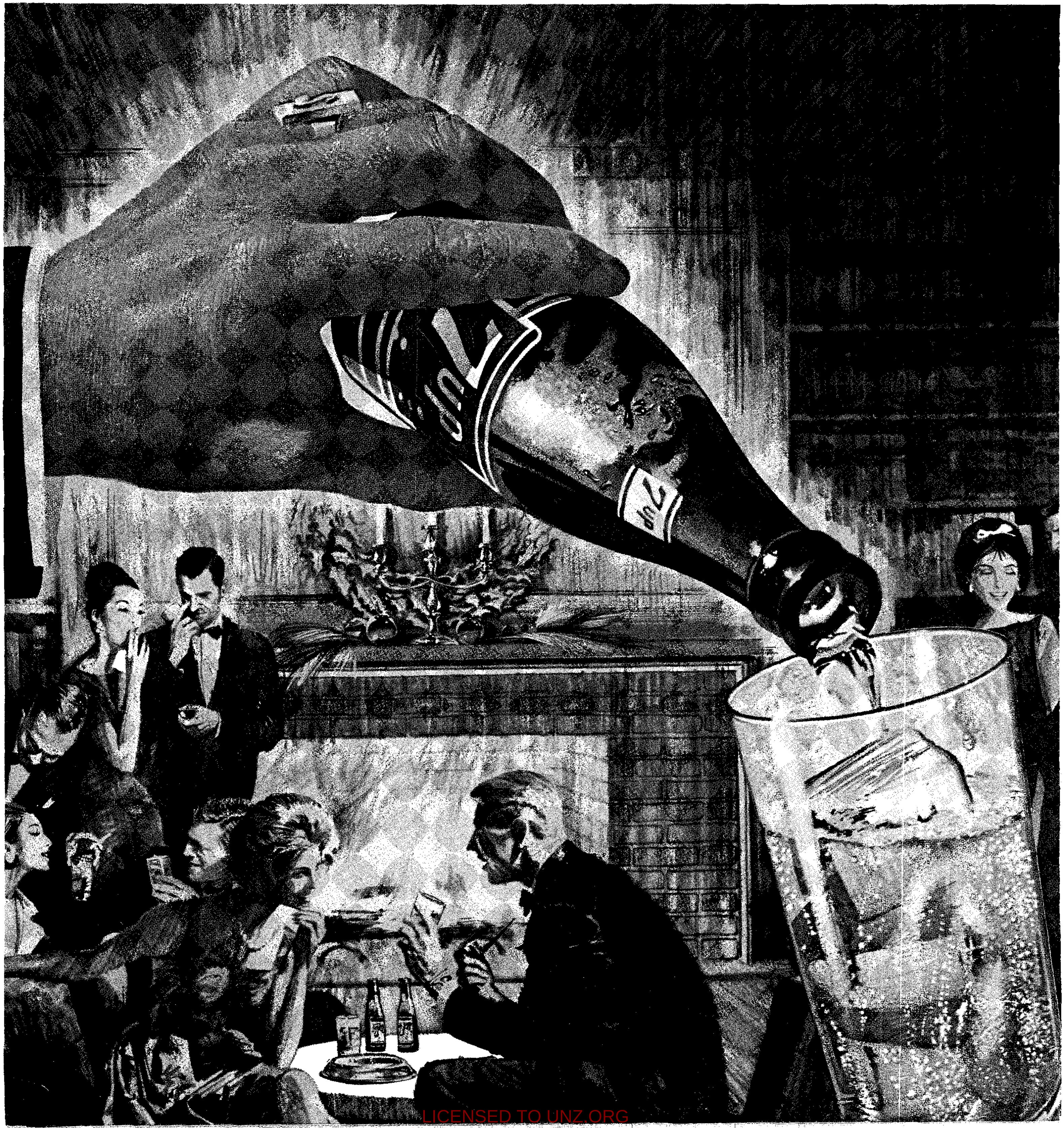

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2-3, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1:30 and 3. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)... **ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:30 and 3:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 1 and 3:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 3; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 1:30 and 3; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 3.)... **MARTIN STEVENS PUPPETS:** "The Toymaker." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30 and 2:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 3.) ... **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 26-30, at 1 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings of Christmas by children from many countries; through Jan. 5. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." Beginning Friday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Galileo and the Stars," which will demonstrate Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"A Dog of Flanders," with David Ladd and Donald Crisp. A benefit performance. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 10.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, all from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

TREASURE OF TUTANKHAMEN—Thirty-three objects (nearly half of them in gold) lent by the Egyptian Museum, in Cairo, and including a miniature gold coffin, signet rings, amulets, and sculptures buried with the Pharaoh three thousand years ago. Through Jan. 15. An admission charge of seventy-five cents is being made for the preservation of the Abu Simbel temples. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Daily, 11 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, belonging to Dr. Charles B. Penrose and others.

Mata Hari
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she
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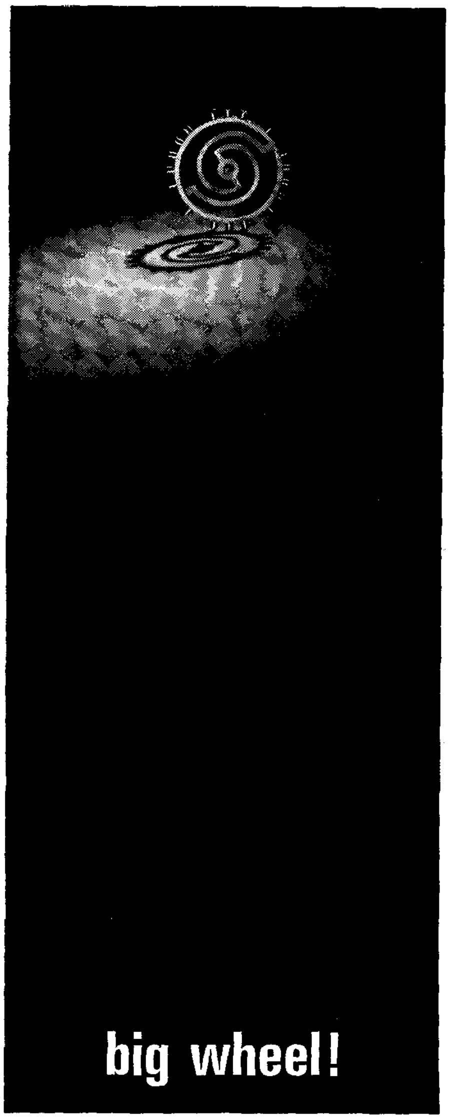

Don't let the small size mislead you. A balance wheel looms large in importance. When a sudden jolt sends your watch in for repair, chances are ten to one the damage is here. But Wyler's exclusive Incaflex balance wheel *gives* to absorb shock. Very clever. Actually guaranteed for the life of the watch. Should it *ever* break, we'll replace it with a smile (and amazement).

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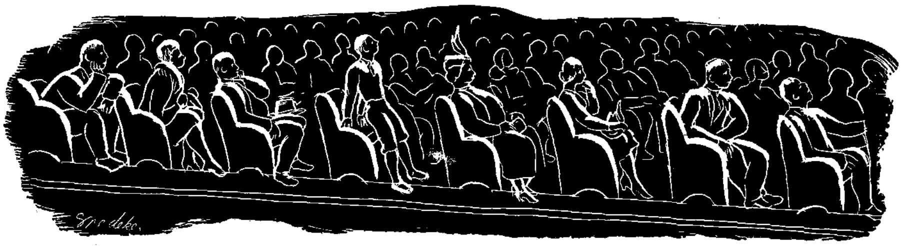
WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. Starring Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

8½—A successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 1, tentative.)

High and Low—A first-rate detective thriller, which happens to have been made in Japan but is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 9:30, 2, and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 7:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The L-Shaped Room—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a dozen other skilled performers. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 31, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 29-Jan. 1.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similiar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 28.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 1.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 31.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 1.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film concerning revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 27-30.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 29.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 28.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 1.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 29.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 28.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 29-Jan. 1.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 31, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				26	27	28
29	30	31	1			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; on Sundays and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Love on a Pillow," Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Thursday, Dec. 26, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 27, at 9:45, 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2, 5:15, and 8:40; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and New Year's Day at 2, 5:15, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Not Tonight, Henry," Hank Henry.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day.)
Through Dec. 31: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**; and **SAPPHIRE,** revival.
From Jan. 1: **LOLITA,** revival; and **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Kings of the Sun," Yul Brynner, George Chakiris.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 31: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Dec. 31, at about 5: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 1 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
From Dec. 26, at 8:30: "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr. (Opening night is a benefit performance. A limited number of seats are available at the box office.)

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 30: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen; and "Gunfight at Comanche Creek," Audie Murphy.
From Dec. 31: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Love on a Pillow" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"To Bed . . . or Not to Bed" (in Italian and Swedish), Alberto Sordi.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
BILLY LIAR.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ladybug Ladybug," Christopher Howard.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 30: "The Sound of Laughter," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Bob Hope, Buster Keaton, and such.
From Dec. 31: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 30: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen; and "Gunfight at Comanche Creek," Audie Murphy.
From Dec. 31: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 30: "Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John; and "Li'l Abner," revival, Peter Palmer.
From Dec. 31: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "The Swingin' Maiden," Michael Craig.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 28: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.
Dec. 29-Jan. 1: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 31: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Jan. 1: **DAVID AND LISA,** revival; and **THE BALCONY,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 30: "Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John; and "Li'l Abner," revival, Peter Palmer.
From Dec. 31: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "The Swingin' Maiden," Michael Craig.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 31: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.
From Jan. 1: "Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee; and "30 Years of Fun," excerpts from various silent movies.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 30: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen; and "Gunfight at Comanche Creek," Audie Murphy.
From Dec. 31: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Lives of Thomasina," Patrick McGoohan.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Easy Life" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Magic Boy," a full-length Japanese cartoon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Daily, except New Year's Eve, at 2 and 8; on New Year's Eve at 2, 7:30, and 11.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"America America," Stathis Giallelis.

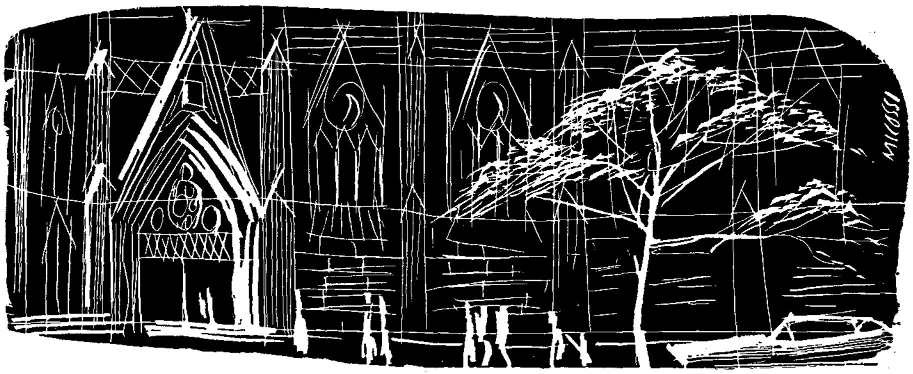
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 30: "Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John; and "Li'l Abner," revival, Peter Palmer.
From Dec. 31: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Impersonator," John Crawford.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 28: **HENRY V,** revival; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
From Dec. 29: **HAMLET,** revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 30: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen; and "Gunfight at Comanche Creek," Audie Murphy.
From Dec. 31: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 26: **THE GREEN MAN,** revival; and **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS,** revival.
Dec. 27-30: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From Dec. 31: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
8½ (in Italian).



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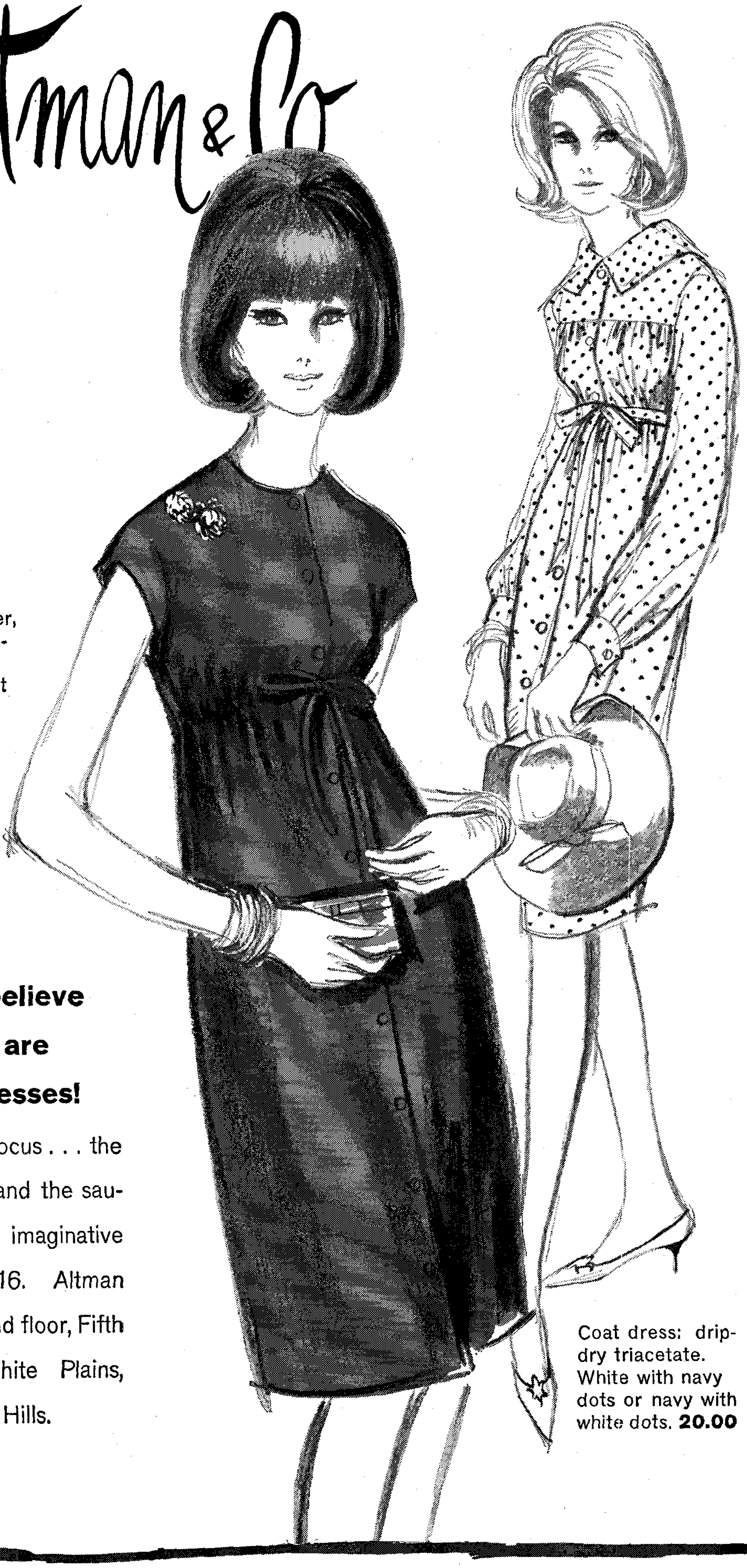


Cotton knit jumper, good with or without a blouse. Raspberry sherbet or spring navy. **18.00**

Coat dress: drip-dry triacetate. White with navy dots or navy with white dots. **20.00**

Who would believe that these are maternity dresses!

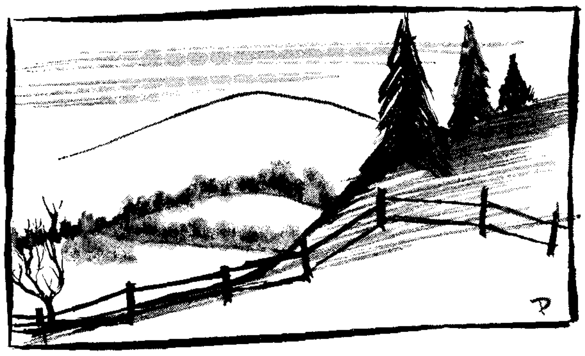
Cheery as the first crocus . . . the polka-dot coat dress and the saucy jumper, by the imaginative John Weitz. 6 to 16. Altman Maternity Shop, second floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT isn't often that we experience a sense of surprise on hearing that a man of eighty-five has come to the end of his life, but that is the way we felt at the passing of Herbert H. Lehman. Absurdly, we had grown to think of him as going on forever, because he embodied certain qualities that put us in mind of permanence. His probity, his philanthropy, his unfailing seriousness of purpose, his conscientious and somewhat old-fashioned courtesy—these, it seemed to us, all foretold a continuation of the world, an ordered future of proper dealings. The Governor constantly sought to conserve the fitness of things. He did so, early and almost alone, in the dishevelled reign of the late Senator McCarthy; he would not be silenced, though everyone else was, when a cardinal impugned Mrs. Roosevelt's "example of motherhood;" he spoke out against President Roosevelt, his political benefactor, when the President tried to put through the Supreme Court-packing bill. "I am a fighter," he often declared, but he sounded a touch surprised that this should be so, as though he could not quite understand why people were unable to compose their differences calmly and decently. Life was probably one long surprise for this honorable man, who could so comfortably have avoided its hue and cry. He himself was one long surprise, as we have been made to realize by his death and the feeling of diminished safety it has brought us.



Beatle Man

INTIMATIONS have lately been reaching us of a rapidly developing craze among young people in England for the music of, and public appearances by, a group of pop singers called the Beatles. The Beatles—the origin of the name is obscure—are four young men from Liverpool, all of whom were born during the blitz. Their appearance, to judge by the photographs of them in the English press, is distinctive, their getup including identical haircuts in dishmop—or, as one London newspaper put it, Ancient British—style, and lapelless suits patterned after a Pierre Cardin design. Their music is marked by a strong rhythm that has come to be known, variously, as the Liverpool Sound and the Mersey Beat, and, altogether, the effect on English teen-agers seems to be overwhelming. The Beatles put on a Royal Command performance at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in London, which was attended by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, and even the Queen Mother seemed to be impressed; she is reported to have conversed with the Beatles backstage after the performance longer than she normally does with the most distinguished artists. The English press has recently devoted almost as much effort and space to attempting to analyze the attraction of the Beatles as it has to discussing the political position of the new Prime Minister. In an article entitled "The Anatomy of Beatlemania," the London *Sunday Times* printed the opinions of a number of psychiatrists on the subject. One of them wrote, "In a sense, the open hero worship of the group is an indication of how fully emancipated adolescents have become, a sign that adolescence is now a proud experience rather than a shameful phase."

Whatever the nature of Beatlemania, this country is about to be exposed to its carriers. The other day, the Beatles' manager, a twenty-nine-year-old Englishman named Brian Epstein, flew in to New York to arrange for three appearances of the Beatles on "The Ed Sullivan Show" in February, and before he flew back to England, contract in pocket, we had a chat with him, in his suite at the Regency Hotel. He proved to be a polite, round-faced man, elegantly but conservatively dressed, and with a quite conventional haircut. "Most of my time here has been taken up with discussions with Ed Sullivan about the Beatles' appearances, so I haven't seen too much of New York, I'm afraid," Mr. Epstein told us. "I found Mr. Sullivan to be a charming man. He got his first glimpse of the impression the Beatles have been making in England one day a few weeks ago when he found himself at London Airport. At that time, it happened, the Prime Minister was supposed to fly out to Scotland, and the Queen Mother was supposed to land from a trip to Ireland. But everything was out of whack, because, you see, the *Beatles* were flying in from a tour of Sweden, and the whole airport was in an uproar because of the crowds that turned up to welcome them. Mr. Sullivan knew a good thing when he saw it. The Beatles have broken every conceivable entertainment record in England. They are the most worshipped, the most idolized boys in the country. They have tremendous style, and a great effervescence, which communicates itself in an extraordinary way. Their beat is something like rock 'n' roll but different from it. They are quite different from the big English rock 'n' rollers in that they are not phony. They have none of that mean hardness about them. They are genuine. They have life, humor, and strange, handsome looks. Their accents are Liverpudlian—of the Liverpool area—and they have been called a working-class phenomenon, but I disagree with the sometimes expressed notion that their appeal is merely to the working classes. The Beatles are classless. We get fan letters from public schools as well as from working-class people. Mummies like the Beatles, too—that's the extraordinary thing. They think they are rather sweet. They *approve.*"

For all Epstein's single-mindedness about the Beatles, his account of their allure was delivered with an air that we associated more with an English drawing room than with Tin Pan Alley, and we asked him how he had happened to become manager of the group. "That came about two years ago, when I was working as a director of my family business, in Liverpool," he said. "We own five shops in the area, three of them specializing in radios, TV, and records. I had been working at that for several years, except for eighteen months that I spent as a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, hoping to become an actor. I gave up that idea when I found I had become acclimatized as a businessman and couldn't really settle down to being a student. I went back into the family business and specialized in records; we became the biggest retailers of records in the North of England. Well, one afternoon in October of 1961 someone came into the shop and asked for a record made by a group called the Beatles—a new name to me—and, to please the customer, I tried to track the record down. I had no idea where it had been made, and I began writing all over for it. I finally tracked down the Beatles right in Liverpool, in a cellar place called The Cavern, about a hundred yards from my office. They were four singularly untidy young men who were beating out a very loud sound—vocal numbers accompanied by three electric guitars and a drum. They introduced their numbers with humorous patter; they have a certain Beatle way of talking. I was excited to find that they had an extraordinary quality and presence that wafted itself across the cellar. Not to bore you, I subsequently got together with the group and we entered into a management contract, and in no time I was divorced from my family business and was managing not only the Beatles but a number of other first-rate groups, too. I find the business enormously stimulating. So far, the Beatles have sold over five million records. They've put in some TV appearances in England, but we don't overdo that. The crowds at their personal-appearance dates have taxed the strength of the British police; wherever they make an appearance, police leaves are cancelled. Only the other day, in Birmingham, the police, to get the Beatles through the crowd to the theatre where they were appearing, had to smuggle them in dressed in blue police raincoats and helmets. Teen-age girls fall weeping on the streets when they find they cannot get tickets to hear the Beatles. Riotous scenes have occurred all over the country. Well, that's about it, really. I think that America is ready for the Beatles. When they come, they will hit this country for six."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (YOU NAME IT, WE'VE GOT IT DIVISION): There is a St. Patrick's Semi-Military Academy in Harriman, New York, and a National Institute for Straight Thinking at 230 Park Avenue.

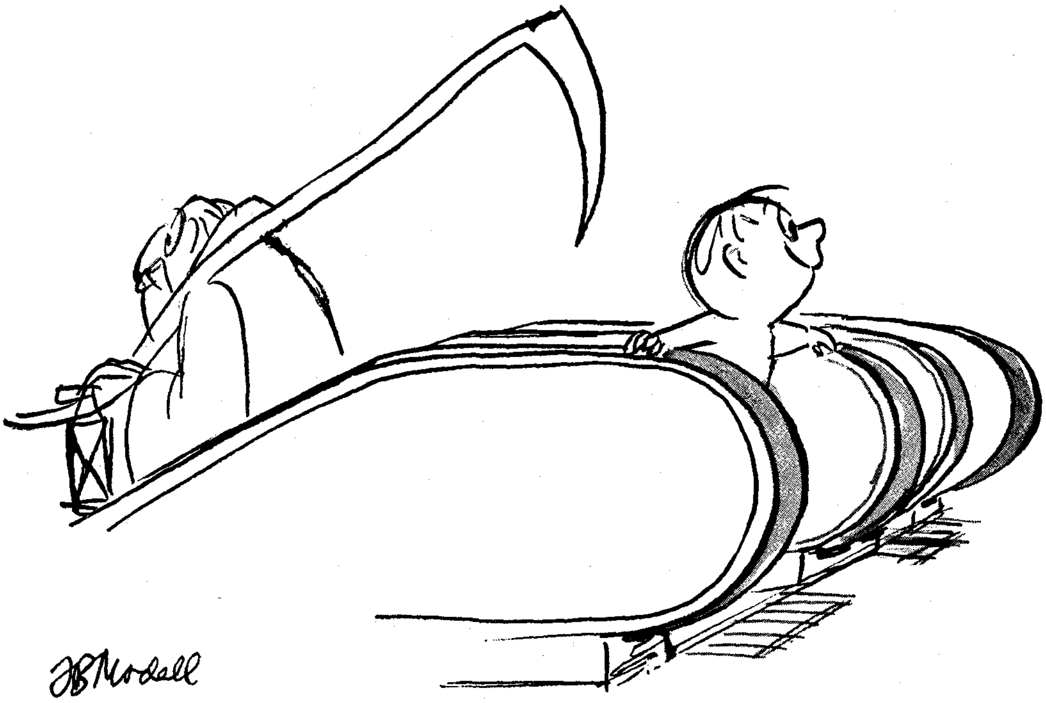
Ladies and Stocks

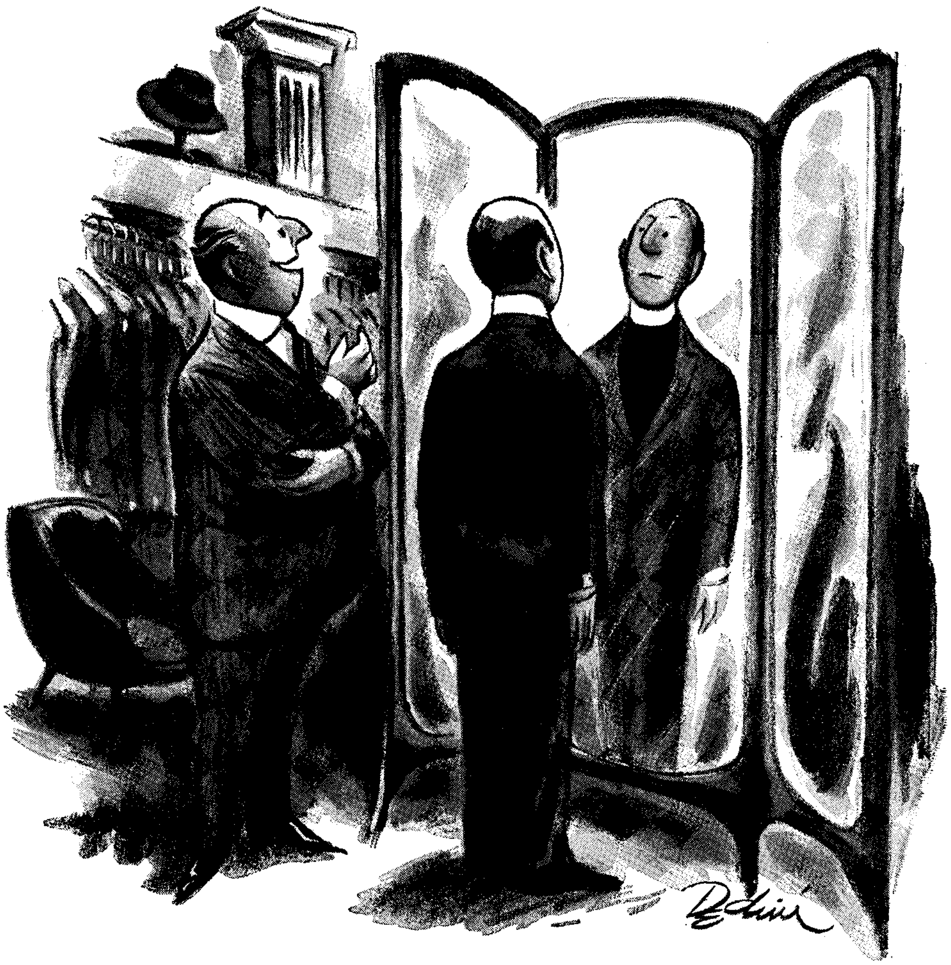
EARLY one Saturday afternoon, filled with that mixture of curiosity and alarm appropriate to the prospect of listening to a hundred ladies talk about money, we made our way to the Lexington Avenue office of Bache & Co., the brokerage firm, to sit in on one of its special investment seminars for women. All we then knew about these formidably female tea talks, which are in their second year, was that they were the sole province of a Bache lady broker, Mrs. Harriet Bell, and we were therefore considerably relieved when Mrs. Bell, who met us at the door, turned out to be a bright and bouncy redhead with a scattering of freckles across her nose.

"I had been *dying* to do something like this for years," Mrs. Bell said, leading us through a chattering bevy of her pupils to a seat near her desk, at the front of the room. "After all, women *control* the money in this country; there's no reason they shouldn't share in investing the money, too. When it comes to the market, most men treat women like bird brains. It was high time for an honest, woman-to-woman talk about the market, about the very specific financial problems that women have. I've had every conceivable type of woman at these lectures—from a waitress with only four hundred dollars to her name to a matriarch with half a million dollars lying around the house and no idea at all of what to do with it." She waved a hand toward her students, who were arriving in bright droves and taking seats, with blatant pleasure, at various brokers' desks around the room, and we saw that Mrs. Bell's women did indeed come in all ages, all shapes, and all stages of affluence. Some of them, we observed, were knitting, but most of them were absorbed in watching a large electronic stock board, which, although trading had long since stopped for the weekend, kept flashing quotations, with what seemed a fittingly feminine will of its own.

Mrs. Bell returned to her desk, and we sat back to listen while the ladies, visions of guilelessness, began to sound each other out.

"You missed a rare, rare opportunity, my dear," a confidently mink-trimmed broadtail sitting near us gently scolded a





"Notice how the drooping-shoulder cut gives you that air of deep humility."

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pink-flowered hat at the desk in back of her. "The Federation of Women Shareholders in America held its big convention in New York the other day. How is it that you weren't there?"

The pink-flowered hat, coloring slightly, confessed that she really could not be counted as a bona-fide shareholder yet. "But I'm *about* to become one," she went on, with a sweet smile that included us. "And I want to make lots and lots of money, if you'll forgive my saying so."

We forgave her instantly, wished her financial Godspeed, and then inquired of the lady on our left, an engaging, if imposing, dowager with wide lace cuffs and a pencil stuck behind one ear, whether she liked making money, too.

"Oh, I speculate all the time," she replied, leaning forward confidentially. "I even bought on margin once; it was forty years ago. I lost five thousand dollars, but I learned my lesson. 'You have no one to blame but yourself, Susan,' I told myself."

By this time, Mrs. Bell was ready to give her talk. She began—in fine fighting spirit, we thought—by quoting a particularly nasty male broker, who had divided all lady investors of his acquaintance into three groups: knowledgeable and good-looking, knowledgeable and not good-looking, and just plain not knowledgeable. "And the last group, he claims, is the biggest by far. Now, *that* gets me mad," said Mrs. Bell.

"Gets me mad, too," said a sporty septuagenarian in a plaid pleated skirt.

"Now, *I* claim that dividends, not diamonds, are a girl's best friend," Mrs. Bell went on.

The class applauded, and the plaid pleated skirt remarked that that was the cleverest thing she had ever heard.

Encouraged, Mrs. Bell plunged right into the hard core of her lecture. "You'll hear no technical language from me," she began. "Just plain English—plain woman-to-woman talk."

The lady behind us, who was wearing a Garbo slouch hat, sunglasses, and a deep, deep décolletage, sighed with audible relief and unclipped a gold ball-point pen from the bodice of her frock. Mrs. Bell recommended a book called "Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow," and the Garbo slouch jotted down the title enthusiastically. Widows, said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully pursuing what struck us as a rather morbid train of thought, need sound investment counselling. Spinsters do, too, she added.

"How right you are, dear!" the plaid pleated skirt called out, and then announced good-naturedly that she happened to be a spinster herself. "There are *always* more girl babies than boy babies born, and the men who *are* born get killed off in the wars anyway."

The ladies around her nodded energetically.

Mrs. Bell, perhaps sensing our distress at this casual—almost cavalier—dismissal of the male factor, went on to say, in a soothing explanatory tone, that today's woman takes a more realistic, "less sentimental" view of things than her mother did. To plan ahead for such emergencies as widowhood, she said, a woman had better get her money out of the bank and into securities right away. She then proceeded to paint a gloomy picture of supermarketing in 1984. "Imagine round steak at six seventy-five a pound. And two-fifty for a toothbrush," she said. The ladies moaned. "Cigarettes—three quarters in the machine," she continued relentlessly. "And you'll be stuck if your money has been passive all these years—in a bank, or in savings bonds."

"Or in a stocking," volunteered the flowered hat.

"Or in rotten stocks," added the broadtail with the mink trim.

Mrs. Bell agreed, and urged the ladies to take note of the fact that Benjamin Franklin himself had once remarked, "Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more."

The ladies were obviously in favor of that, for they cheered Mr. Franklin.

When they were quiet again, Mrs. Bell looked them over reprovingly and said, "We *all* have too many pearls, ladies. Don't put any more money into things like that—put it into good, progressive stocks instead."

"Oh, come, come!" said the mink-trimmed broadtail, fingering her own pearls, a double strand. "We've *got* to overdo a little bit. It keeps the economy strong."

The other ladies with pearls murmured.

Mrs. Bell excused herself to take a telephone call, and while she was talking, the ladies argued diamonds versus dividends among themselves. Then Mrs. Bell told them she had bad news—the tea-wagon man might not be able to come around. The ladies were, of course, disappointed, but they agreed to struggle through the afternoon without a snack, and Mrs. Bell rewarded their stoicism with an explanation of the differences between dividend stocks, growth stocks, and mutual funds. She cautioned the ladies to state their needs and objectives clearly in talking with their brokers, so that the brokers would know which sort of stock to recommend. "Choose a jolly, patient, understanding broker," she said. "Choose him the way you would your doctor. Health may come first, but money, certainly, comes next."

The ladies promised, and Mrs. Bell, smiling valiantly, announced that the tea talk was adjourned.

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SIGN observed by a motorist of our acquaintance at a service station in Medford Lakes, New Jersey:

ERUDITE MECHANIC ON DUTY

New Store

ONE of the newest and most unusual stores in town is D/R International, which opened a couple of weeks ago, in a five-story house on East Fifty-seventh Street, with a party that lasted until three in the morning. Its intention, it announced in a press release, is to select "from all parts of the world the best in contemporary furniture" and to display, "under one roof, complementary lines of fabrics, rugs, lamps, tables, and kitchenware—in short, everything necessary to furnish a house, an apartment, or a series of business offices." Owned by Design Research, a mother emporium of similar scope in Cambridge, Massachusetts, it has an unusual president—Benjamin Thompson, an architect and the chairman of the Department of Architecture at Harvard. Dropping in at the store the day after the party, we found Mr. Thompson—a blond, curly-haired man in his middle forties, wearing a blond polo coat—wandering about among his wares. "I keep this on because otherwise people ask me to wait on them," he said. "Have an apple."

We selected one from a large Finnish bowl on a nearby table, and solicited Mr. Thompson's *curriculum vitae*.

"I was born in Minnesota," he said. "My family founded the First National Bank of St. Paul. After school in Minnesota, in California, and in Connecticut, and a couple of years at the University of Virginia, I went to the Yale School of Art and Architecture, from which I graduated in 1941. Architecturally, it was a very exciting period. People in this country had just begun to think about modern architecture; anyone who did anything modern was a hero. Yale was a good school. It never did have a serious formulation of its purpose, but it exposed you to many influences, which was fine."

We asked Mr. Thompson what happened after New Haven.

"Well, it was the war, and I went into construction; I helped build a small-arms plant outside Minneapolis," he said. "After six months, I came to New York and worked for the Corps of Engineers on the camouflage of our sixteen-inch batteries at Montauk Point. Then I joined the Navy, and served as a deck officer on a corvette for the rest of the war."

In 1946, following a postwar stint with the Office of Strategic Services, Mr. Thompson joined some New Haven architectural friends and, with them and Walter Gropius, who was then chairman of Harvard's Department of Architecture, formed the Architects' Collaborative. "We started out doing houses, mostly for middle-income groups, and then we began doing schools and college buildings," he said. "We've designed thirty or forty public schools in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont, and buildings at Andover, Harvard, Brandeis University, and Williams. Gropius is over eighty, but he's still active in the firm. I opened the Cambridge store in 1953."

"Why?" we asked.

"I believe the furnishing of the interior is part of architecture," Mr. Thompson said. "You can't draw a line between the two things. Once you put up a building, it's very difficult to get it properly furnished. Very often, you finish a building and the damn thing is ruined by its occupancy. By—call it environment, if you will, I wanted to show people the next step. Even things like dresses should be attacked not as a style problem but as an architectural problem, arising from the function of the activity the wearer is involved in. We simply don't recognize *fashion*. I think that for art to be part of our life we must live with it, not just go to museums. In a way, things like museums and Lincoln Center kill art and music. Art is *not* for particular people but should be in everything you do—in cooking and, God knows, in the bread on the table, in the way everything is *done*. In Cambridge, I think we've served a little as a museum and a little as a store, and we hope to do the same here."

After remarking that he lives in a new house of his own design in Lexington, Massachusetts, with his wife and five children, Mr. T. took us on a five-story tour of environmental objects culled from fifteen countries; we were struck by their cohesive presentation—in living-room, dining-room, kitchen, children's-room, and bedroom areas furnished for use—and by the number of attractive young women engaged in selling them. "I don't want professional salesladies," their employer told us. "I want girls with freshness, vitality, and enthusiasm. You have to get the right feeling in the store, and you get it through the salesladies. I want the store to be a place where wives can come and bring their husbands, and bring their children. In Cambridge, and now here, I have chosen to work with girls. Not a difficult choice."

He smiled, and, as we left, pressed another apple on us.

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OVERHEARD in Central Park, stout dowager to drooping toy poodle: "I told you not to talk to strangers!"

Hollywood Pavilion

ON a recent snowy day, we took a walk up to the Time & Life Building, where, we had heard, there was to be an announcement, at a lunch, of plans for the Hollywood Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. An elevator took us to the forty-sixth floor, and there we caught another elevator to the forty-seventh, following the lead of six prosperous-looking men who were discussing oil. "How far are we drilling?" one of them asked another. "Are we going to drill until there's no more oil?" "That's right," the first man replied as we trailed out of the elevator behind him. At that moment, a polite man spotted us and, assuring us that we belonged on the forty-eighth floor, headed us in that direction.

When we finally arrived at the proper place, several people rushed to greet us, offering us drinks and introductions to George Murphy, the former Hollywood actor and present head of George Murphy & Associates, which is producing the proposed Hollywood Pavilion. We accepted a drink, said hello to Mr. Murphy, and sat down at a table to contemplate the fog rolling up Sixth Avenue. The man sitting beside us kept putting on and taking off his glasses. "There's Joan Fontaine," he said, gesturing with his glasses. Miss Fontaine, across the room, was smiling slightly and appeared to be examining the ceiling. "And there's Bosley Crowther," the man said, putting his glasses on.

When we had all eaten shish kebab, boiled potatoes, and spinach, Mr. Murphy stood up, introduced himself as "Hollywood's oldest living undergraduate," and described the Hollywood Pavilion. The entrance is to be a replica of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and behind that there will be sets, or replicas of sets, from "Irma la Douce," "Cleopatra," and "The Fall of the Roman Empire," among other Hollywood products. A Hollywood Museum will contain, according to Mr. Murphy, "all the furniture from 'The Ten Commandments,' " and there will be a multiple-check-writing machine to enable any stars who happen to be around to turn out two or three hundred autographs at a time. Visitors to the Pavilion will be able to have their pictures taken with cutouts of their favorite stars, Mr. Murphy added.

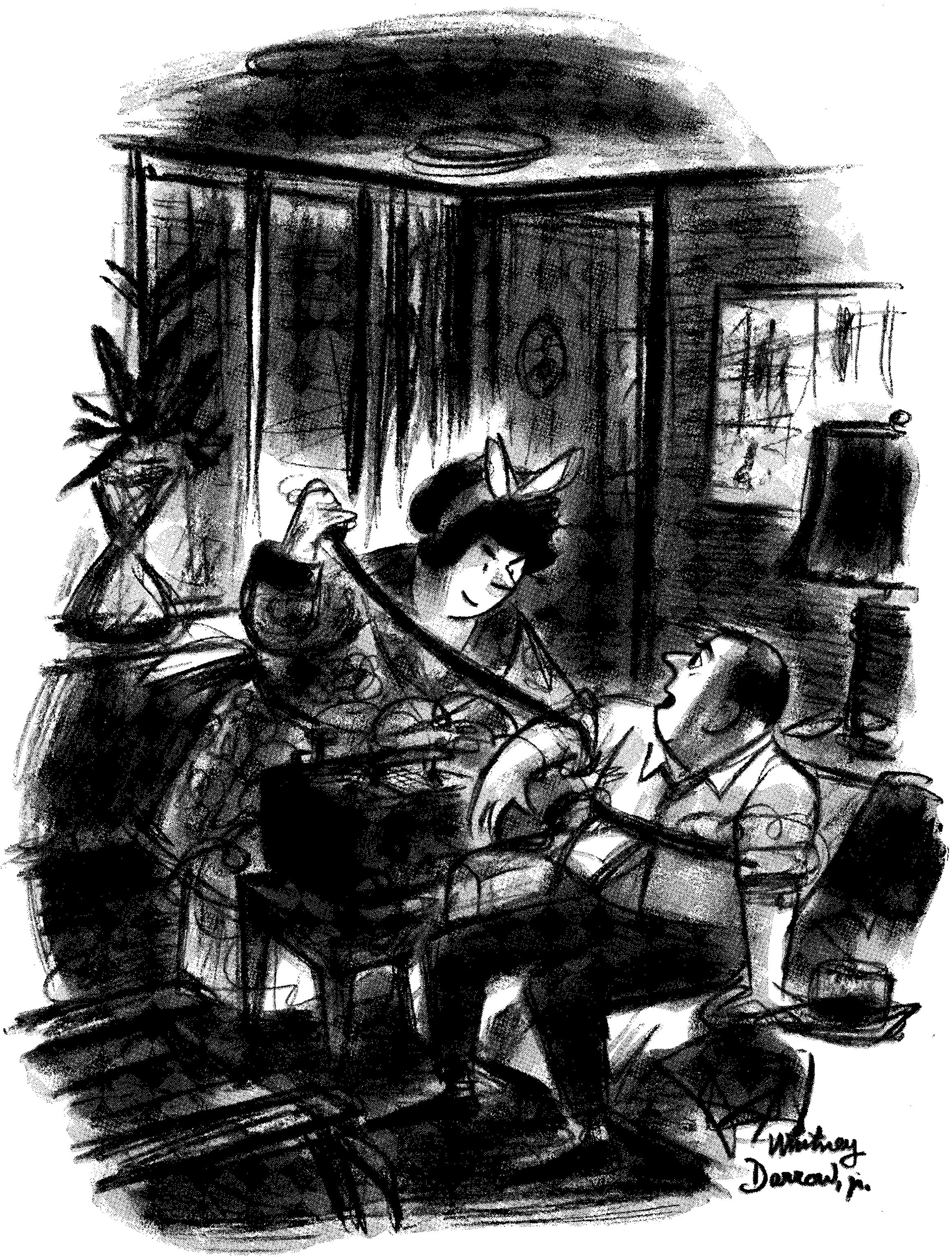
"*That's* Maureen O'Sullivan," the man beside us whispered. "Isn't it?" Mr. Murphy introduced Miss O'Sullivan, who apologized for being late, and then Louis Galen, president of the Trans World Financial Company, who expressed his belief in Mr. Murphy and California. The next speaker was General William E. Potter, the executive vice-president of the World's Fair, who said that after "thirty-two honorable years in the Army" he was delighted to be associated with Mr. Murphy, and promised to visit the Hollywood Pavilion every day. Mr. Murphy presented General Potter with two bags of dirt, dug up from the corner of Hollywood and Vine and from the site of a new Hollywood Museum in Hollywood.

Mr. Murphy, Mr. Galen, General Potter, Miss Fontaine (who was wearing galoshes), and Miss O'Sullivan posed for a photographer as chocolate mousse was being served. Then Mr. Murphy announced his faith in the Romance, Legend, and Excitement of Hollywood, and the fog, which had receded as far as Forty-fifth Street, rolled in again.

Expiatory

THE following essay was written as a disciplinary lesson by a fifth-grade student who had misbehaved on a field trip to the United Nations and who now seems to comprehend the full extent of his crimes:

> I should not talk loud or if the guide says not to talk don't talk. Don't touch displays, statues, and other things. You should keep with the group. Don't push, shove, run, bump, yell or talk loud or laugh at what the guide says. Don't mess around with or play with or hit other people even though they are your best friends. What I did was that I talked too loud, ran, laughed, pushed, shoved, yelled and talked loud. And I did touch displays, statues, and other things. And I did hit other people on the head with a pickle.


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Edna, don't you feel you're taking something fine from our marriage with these lie-detector tests?"

ZERO

IT was so cold that no one was out. At the top of the hill, sitting in his car with the motor running, Dick Pfeister could see all of Main Street to the south, and in more than an hour not a soul had ventured forth on foot. Once in a while an automobile would come along, usually an out-of-town car on its way through. Once in a while it would be a truck, likewise on its way through and carrying five to ten tons of coal. Town people were staying in. The Orpheum had not even bothered to turn on its lights, and Richard Arlen and Carole Lombard, who were probably sitting in the sun in Southern California, or anyway had been doing so a few hours earlier, could not complain if their fans chose to stay home on such a night. The trolley from Gibbsville, due at eight-twenty, was reported two hours ago as stuck halfway up the mountain. The track was clear of snow, but something had gone wrong with the lubricating system and the trolley was just sitting there and the passengers had to wait until they could be transferred to a relief.

According to the information Dick Pfeister got from the traction-company office, the trolley came to a halt and then the wheels would not turn. The motorman then had to walk down the track a couple of miles to the nearest emergency telephone. He was a brave and strong man, the motorman, to risk freezing to death. The thermometer outside the traction-company office registered eight degrees below zero, and what it must have been like on the mountain was anybody's guess. The motorman was going to try to walk back to his car, which was at least better than sitting down and falling asleep. Meanwhile the passengers in the trolley had light and some heat, and help was on the way. They could have been a lot worse off.

The repair car, followed by the relief, had passed by about an hour ago on their way southward. The relief, with the passengers from the stalled trolley, should be along any minute now. Ordinarily the entire trip from Gibbsville took only fifty minutes, but this was not a night on which schedules were being observed. Tomorrow's papers would carry items giving the temperature in other Pennsylvania towns, like Snow Shoe and Clarks Summit, and no doubt it *was* colder in those towns than in Mountain City; but it was cold enough to kill you here, and you died just as dead at Mountain City as at Snow Shoe.

Down at the end of town a beam of light appeared, and Dick Pfeister watched it until the source of the beam, the relief car, came into view. He checked his fuel gauge; the tank was a little less than half full. He switched off his motor and got out of the car and went to the street corner where the trolley would stop. He stood in the doorway of Hutchinson's furniture store for protection from the cold wind. It was strange that no one else seemed to be meeting the trolley—and just then two automobiles came from different directions and stopped at the corner, apparently having heard at the last minute that the relief trolley was on its way.

The relief stopped at the corner, and three passengers got out. The first was a middle-aged woman with her arms full of bundles; the second was a man whom Dick Pfeister recognized: John J. Flaherty, the lawyer, who rode to and from the county seat five days a week. Flaherty was being met by his son, the woman by a man whom Dick Pfeister took to be her husband. The third passenger was Eva Novak. She was carrying a black imitation-leather hatbox and a heavy suitcase. She looked around, but Dick Pfeister did not come out of the doorway until the middle-aged woman and Flaherty had been taken away in their automobiles.

"Hey," he called to her.

She saw him, but she did not speak.

He went to her and picked up her luggage. "That's *my* car, across the street," he said.

"O.K.," she said. "Where we going?"

"I'll take you to your sister's."

"I didn't have anything to eat. Is it all right if we get a sandwich or something? I didn't eat anything since I left Philly, only a milkshake in Gibbsville."

"Can't you get something at your sister's?" He opened the door of the car and she got in, and he put the luggage in the back.

"I'd sooner get something at the diner. I'll pay for it. I don't want to go to my sister's and the first thing I ask her for a meal. It's eleven o'clock at night, and she won't even be up at this hour."

"I'm not sure the diner's open," said Dick Pfeister.

"He's *always* open. You can see from here. Listen, if you don't want to come in with me, that's all right, but I gotta have a plate of soup or something. The last two hours all I could think of was a Yankee pot roast at Joe's diner."

"All right," said Dick Pfeister.

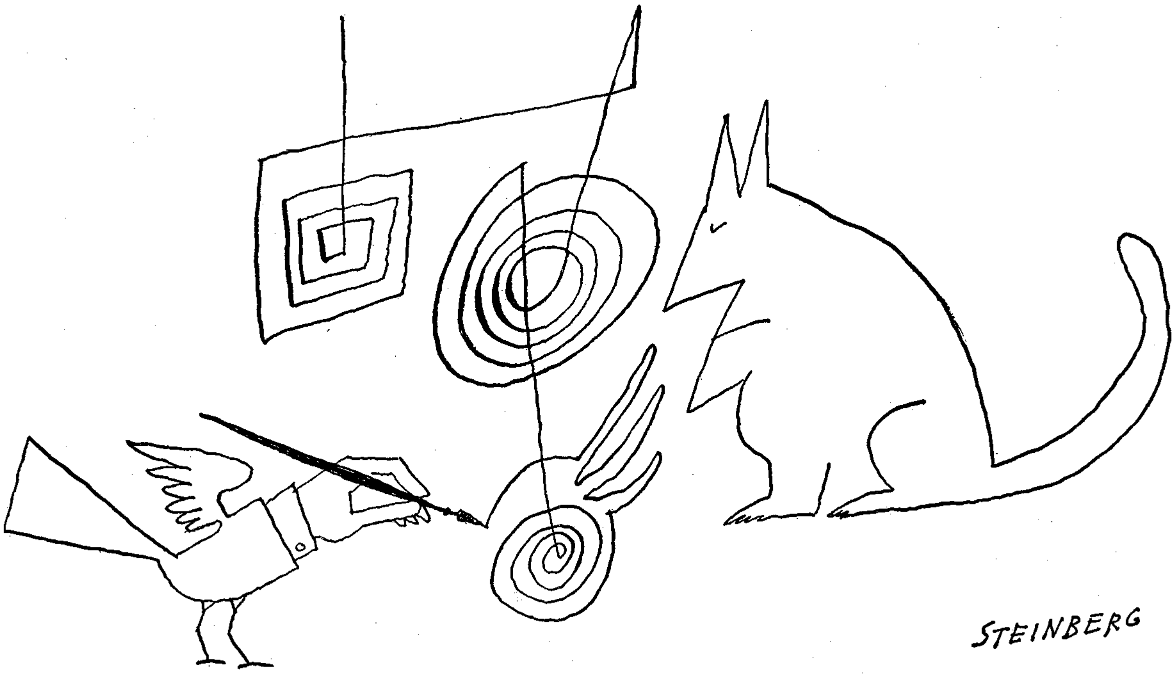
"You don't have to eat with me, if that's what you object to. You don't even have to let on you know me."

"It isn't that," he said.

"Yes it is. You don't want anybody to see me with you. Well, maybe I feel the same way, but first of all I'm hungry."

"Maybe there won't be anybody there."

"Don't be too sure



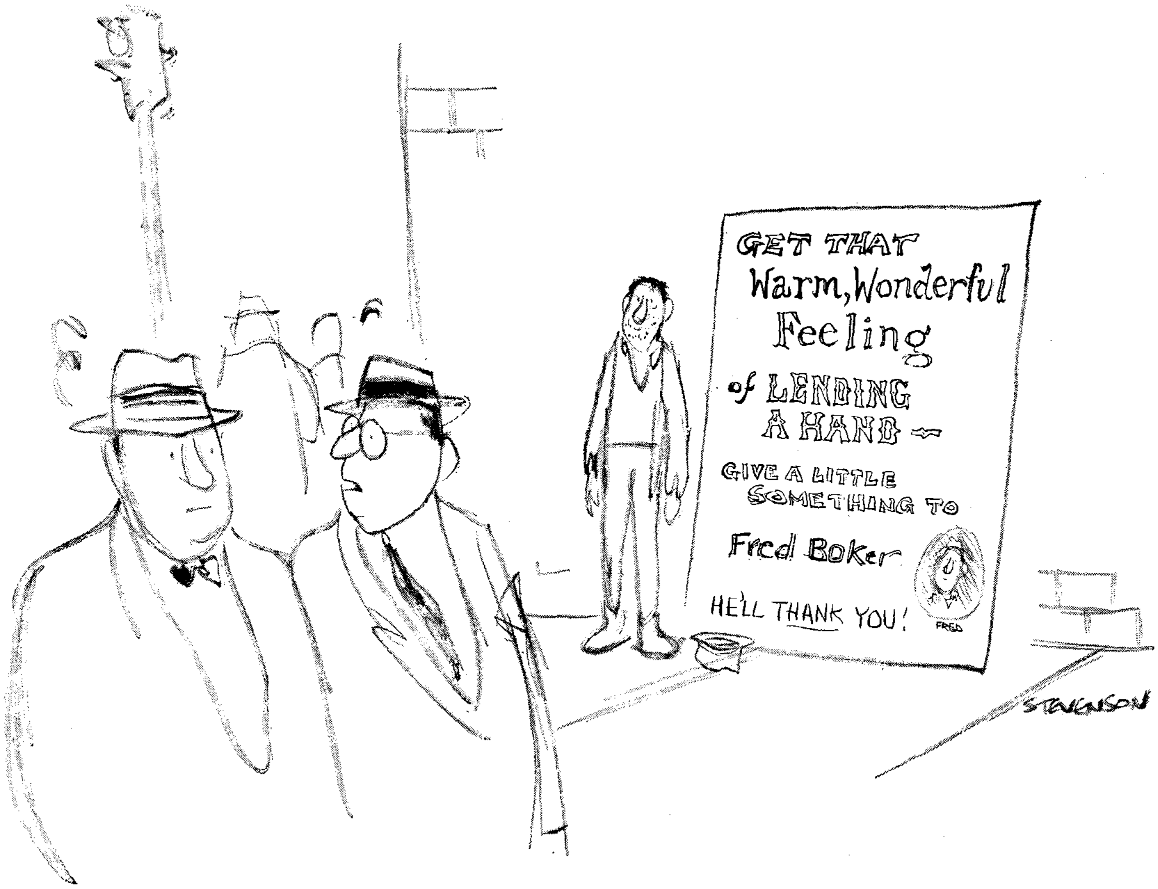
of that. They're liable to come in. The best thing is you take me there and I go in alone, then you come in a couple minutes later. We don't have to leave together."

"It'll look fishy, you going in there alone on a night like this."

"Listen, Dick, I didn't ask you to meet me at the trolley. That was all your idea."

"What if I got a couple of hamburgers and a container of coffee? Would that satisfy you? I can't go in the diner with you, and that's all there is to it. And you can't go in there by yourself, not on this kind of a night."

"For Christ's sake then, get me a couple hamburgers and some coffee. Just so I get something or I'll faint dead away. Then you'd have to take me to the doctor's. I'm still weak. I only been walking on my two feet since Monday. You have no idea."



"Good man, Boker. Damn shame about his losing his job at Kenyon & Eckhardt."

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They drove to the diner and Dick Pfeister got the hamburgers and coffee. He put them in her lap. "We'll drive out toward your sister's."

"Did he put sugar and cream in the coffee?" she said.

"Both."

"The container's hot. That's good," she said. She took the wax paper off one of the hamburgers and commenced to eat as they headed for the edge of town. She finished the first hamburger before they reached her sister's neighborhood of company houses. "Now I can have some coffee," she said. "It is hot. Do you want some?"

"I'll take a sip," he said.

"There's a quart of it, I don't want it all. You want a bite of hamburger?"

"No thanks," he said.

"So much the better," she said. "I shouldn't eat so fast. It isn't polite, but what do I give a darn about politeness? Do you have a cigarette? We smoked all ours on the trolley. Everybody ran out of cigarettes. I only had enough to last me to Mountain City, then I was gonna get another pack, but I shared mine with a fellow sitting next to me. First we smoked all his, then we smoked all mine. He just come from burying his uncle in Gibbsville."

"What was it like on the trolley? Were you scared?"

"I wasn't. What was there to be scared of? I was worried for the motorman. He walked a couple of miles to phone the trolley company, to say we were stuck. If it wasn't for him we'd be there yet. He bundled up warm. Two pair of gloves, two mufflers around his head. But they had to give him first aid. He passed out as soon as he got back in the trolley. He was in terrible shape, the poor fellow. He was on the trolley I came in on. They were taking him to the doctor's. They said he had frostbite and might lose a couple toes. I don't know. That's what some person said. I know you *can* lose a foot if you get a bad frostbite. It happened to a buddy of my uncle's, worked at the Madeline Colliery. He got drunk and couldn't find his way home, a night like tonight. Stanley Bolitis. You probly noticed him, with the crutch."

"Yes, I know him," said Dick Pfeister. "What about you, Eva?"

"Oh, they told us we shouldn't worry. The electricity was connected up, so the lights were on and we got some heat."

"I didn't mean that."

"Oh." She took a long drag of her cigarette. "They said I wasn't supposed to take a job that I had to stand up all the time. I'll have to look for work that I can be sitting down. I thought of a telephone operator. They train you, and you don't have to have a high-school diploma. They don't pay much to start, but they're all right to work for. I don't have any money left. I only had enough to get home."

"How much more do you need?"

"Well, that's up to you. Look in my purse, there's only a little over four dollars. I'll have to pay my sister board and room."

"How much did you tell her?"

"Oh, she guessed. She didn't tell her husband, or he wouldn't let me stay there. He'd put me out. He'd say be a girl in a house, but I can't even be that for a while. Not that I want to, but I couldn't if I wanted to."

"I don't have much money either. I brought fifty dollars with me you can have, but that's the last I can lay my hands on for I don't know how long."

"Well, I never said it was all your fault. It takes two. But this way is better than if I had the baby and I had to tell who the father was. That would sure be the end of you, Dick."

"I know that, for God's sake. You

THE CARD PARTY

Sisterlike, pacified by cakes and tea,
Four ladies took their chairs accordingly;
Each, picking up her cards in slow suspense,
Preened up her creamy neck to Providence.

As yet exclusive of the important four,
Two sisters, knitting either side the door,
Confirmed each other, bending eye to eye,
Then watched the game together in rivalry.

Each player felt reluctantly compelled
To know that mystery the other held;
As one white neck rose taller with desire,
The other three stretched likewise snakier.

And all the afternoon, discomfited,
Those four swans turned disdainful head from head;
Erect, they cast their cards throughout the night,
Each throat thinned upward like a stalagmite.

By dawn, they bent, and buried their flexible,
Extending isthmuses beneath the table,
Upraising with apologetic pride
The graceful members at the other side.

And what about those two beside the door?
They veered from cross to curious, hour by hour.
The knitting, tangled, bound both necks askew,
And from this loggerhead a spiral grew,

From which the sister heads peered forth to pry—
What cards? All six got coiled there, finally.
Set in a formal knot and inextricable,
Two died beside the door, four at the table.

How brave those darlings, and how marvellous
That all their lovely necks should mingle thus;
Thus twined, it was in death they coincided,
Who always in their lives had been divided.

—Muriel Spark

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don't have to keep reminding me."

"No, but you don't have to act as if you were the one that was doing all the favors. *I* went to that crummy hospital, and I was the one that took a chance on dying. You pleaded and begged me, but since then you act as if you didn't have any responsibility. As soon as I can get work I don't care if I never see you again, the same as you feel about me. I'm going to save up till I have enough to go someplace else, and then believe me, Dick, I'll get out of here so fast. I'm suppose to take it easy for two months, but I start looking for work tomorrow. Or anyway as soon as this cold spell lets up. I can't walk that far in this weather."

"Where do you expect me to get more money?"

"You work in a bank, you're suppose to know."

"Are you suggesting that I steal it?"

"That wouldn't do me any good, if you got caught stealing. I have enough to tell in confession without that on my conscience. No, don't start stealing on my account. But you have to get the money somewhere, till I find work."

"What if I can't get any more? Just can't?"

"Don't say you can't when you can. You can sell your car, borrow money on your house. Ask your father and mother."

"You might as well tell me to get it from my wife."

"Well, if she'd give it to you. You're doing everything to protect her, but what's she entitled to more than I am?"

He slapped her. It was not a hard slap, from his somewhat cramped position in the car, and it barely glanced off her face, but her left cheek received some of the blow. She put her hand to her cheek. "Wud you do that for? That was a lousy thing to do."

"I'm sorry I did it," he said.

"Yeah," she said.

"But you don't have to bring my wife into it."

"Bring her into it? She's in it whether she knows it or not. You can't keep her out of it. She's in it. Maybe she doesn't know it, but she is, and sooner or later she will know it. *Because you'll tell her*. I can keep quiet, I showed you that. But you'll tell her, if she don't find out for herself."

"Not me. I won't tell her."

"Yes, you. I got to thinking a lot about you, Dick, in that crummy hospital. I went in there and I signed my name Evelyn New. Evelyn New. As soon as I did that I was alone in the world, because if I died they didn't know my name. I couldn't have any visitors, I couldn't talk to anybody. They even said I couldn't have the priest if I was gonna die. All alone, see? So what I did was think, and I sure did think about you, Dick. All right, you were paying for it, but on account of yourself, not on account of me. I'm not surprised you slapped me."

JACK'S
35
LATE SHOW NEW YEAR'S EVE
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"I apologize for that," he said.

"Apologize. That's just a word. If you thought you could get away with it, you'd murder me. Maybe you don't know that yet, but you would. That's why I wasn't surprised by you slapping me. You didn't only want to slap me. You wanted to murder me."

"That's what you figured out in the hospital?"

"Yes. When I thought you were in love with me I couldn't of figured that out, but down there I knew you weren't in love with me. That's all right. I wasn't in love with you any more, either."

"That sounds as if you wanted to murder me, too," he said.

"No, not murder you. I was doing enough killing for one person. Maybe the baby would have been another Paderewski, somebody famous like that."

"Paderewski? You mean the piano player? What made you think that?"

"Well, he'd of been only half Polish, so I guess not Paderewski. I don't know. Was there anybody famous in your family?"

"No."

"Well, maybe only a basketball player. That's when I got stuck on you, when you used to play basketball. You wouldn't even look at me then. I didn't know when I was better off."

"Oh, I looked at you, but you were too young."

"You only thought I was," she said. "Thank God for that, or we'd of been in worse trouble. Then my father was still alive, and speaking of murder he would of murdered you. If I had any brothers they would of murdered you. But instead of that you want to murder me."

"Ah, the hell with all this talk about murder. Nobody's going to murder anybody. That's all your imagination, because I gave you a slap in the face. I'm sorry for that, but I'm not going to keep on apologizing all night. I have to take you home or my alcohol will evaporate and the car'll boil over."

"All right. You said you had fifty dollars," she said.

"Here it is."

"Thanks. But don't forget, Dick, I'm gonna need some more."

"I'll try to get you another fifty next month, but I don't promise."

"How will you get it to me?"

"I'll mail it to you in cash."

"All right. Four weeks from tomorrow I'll be expecting it. Fifty cash. But don't put me off. Some of it has to go for medicine."

"I'll do the best I can, and whatever you do, don't you come in the bank. I don't want anybody to see me talking to you."

"It's no pleasure talking to you, either, Dick."

He moved the car closer to her sister's house. "Can you carry those bags all right?"

"Oh, sure. Those delicious hamburgers gave me my strength back."

HE kept the motor idling until he saw the door open at her sister's house; then he drove home and put his car in the garage.

One lamp was burning in the kitchen in the otherwise darkened house, but he knew that Emily was still awake. As soon as he opened the kitchen door he knew she was awake. The house was still; she was not moving around upstairs; but from her to him came a hostile greeting. He put his overcoat and hat and arctics in the hall closet, making no sound. He went to the cellar and made sure that the furnace was all right for the night. When he returned to the kitchen she was sitting at the table in her blue flannel bathrobe and smoking a cigarette.

"I tried not to make any noise," he said.

"I was awake. I heard you come in."

"It's bitter out. Must be over ten below," he said.

"It's fourteen below outside the bathroom window," she said. "You want to tell me where you went to?"

"You mean after the meeting?"

"There was no meeting. Phil Irwin phoned to say it was called off."

"What do I get for my fifteen-dollar minimum?"

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"Yes, I found that out when I got there. There was a notice on the door of the gym. Alumni Association meeting postponed, account of severe weather. Phil didn't show up, but some of the others did, so we went over to the Elks and had a few beers. Jack Showers, Ed McGraney."

"Always Jack Showers and Ed McGraney," she said.

"They're on the athletic committee."

"And you never see them any other time. *I* never see them at all."

"Well, why should you? Got any pie or anything?"

"Pie on top of beer? You'll be yelling in your sleep all night. Why don't you have some pretzels?"

"Don't tell me what I'm hungry for, will you?"

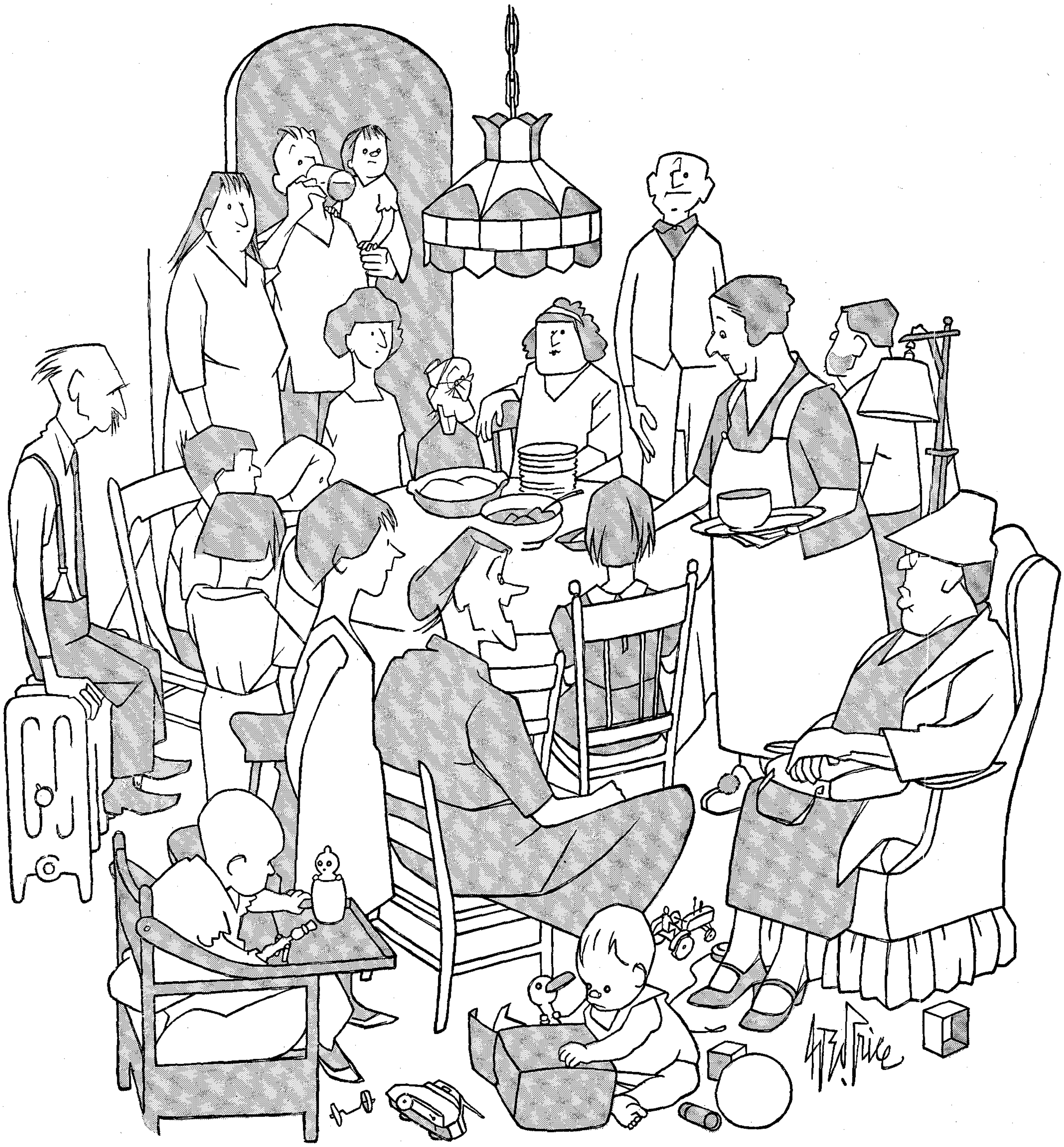
"No, I won't tell you anything. You don't tell me anything but lies. You never went near the Elks tonight."

"I can prove it."

"Who by? Jack Showers and Ed McGraney all over again?"

"They were with me. Where do you think I was?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. Listen to me, Dick. I know there's something funny going on, and I'm going to find out what it is. I'm not going to let you make a fool out of me. Whoever it is, it isn't one of my friends because I keep tabs on them. Norma. Elaine. Especially Norma. But it



"We merged to save through volume buying."

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couldn't be her, because when I was checking up on you and her I found out she has another boy friend. But whoever it is, you might as well prepare yourself. I'm going to make trouble."

"Make trouble for yourself. That's what you're doing right now. And keep your voice down or you'll wake the kids."

"Oh, isn't that rich? You showing consideration for the kids. I like that, all right. It's all right to make a fool out of me and go whoring around, but we mustn't wake the kids. That's rich, that is. Go on up and wake them. Tell them where you were tonight, with some whore."

He slapped her. "Shut up," he said.

She drew away from him. "Don't you do *that* again, don't you *ever* do that again. I'll *kill* you first, Dick. I swear I will."

"Go ahead, you'd be doing me a favor," he said.

The strange, simple words shocked her. Whatever else he had said to her, these words she recognized as the truth; at this moment he wished to be dead and free, but not only free of her. More than to be free of her he wished to be free of the other woman. She could think of nothing to say, but she knew that no words of hers could threaten this man with trouble. She was looking at destruction, and she had had no part in it.

—JOHN O'HARA

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Most of Egypt's 386 square miles are uninhibited desert.—*Seattle Times.*

It's a small, lively place on the Mediterranean.

A SHOWER OF GOLD

BECAUSE he needed the money, Peterson answered an ad that said, "WE'LL PAY YOU to be on TV if your opinions are strong enough or your personal experiences have a flavor of the unusual." He called the number and was told to come to Room 1551 in the Graybar Building, on Lexington. This he did and after spending twenty minutes with a Miss Arbor, who asked him if he had ever been in analysis, he was accepted for a program called "Who Am I?"

"What do you have strong opinions about?" Miss Arbor asked.

"Art," Peterson said. "Life, money."

"For instance?"

"I believe," Peterson said, "that the learning ability of mice can be lowered or increased by regulating the amount of serotonin in the brain. I believe that schizophrenics have a high incidence of unusual fingerprints, including lines that make almost complete circles. I believe that the dreamer watches his dream in sleep, by moving his eyes."

"*That's very interesting!*" Miss Arbor cried.

"It's all in the *World Almanac*," Peterson said.

"I see you're a sculptor," she said. "That's wonderful."

"What is the nature of the program?" Peterson asked. "I've never seen it."

"Let me answer your question with another question. Mr. Peterson, are you absurd?" Her enormous lips were smeared with a glowing white cream.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean," Miss Arbor said earnestly, "do you encounter your own existence as gratuitous? Do you feel *de trop*? Is there nausea?"

"I have an enlarged liver," Peterson offered.

"That's *excellent!*" Miss Arbor exclaimed. "That's a *very* good beginning! 'Who Am I?' tries, Mr. Peterson, to discover what people *really are*. People today, we feel, are hidden away inside themselves—alienated, desperate, living in anguish, despair, and bad faith. Why have we been thrown here and abandoned? That's the question we try to answer, Mr. Peterson. Man stands alone in a featureless, anonymous landscape, in fear and trembling and sickness unto death. God is dead. Nothingness everywhere. Dread. Estrangement. Finitude. 'Who Am I?' approaches these problems in a root radical way."

"On television?"

"We're interested in basics, Mr. Peterson. We don't play around."

"I see," Peterson said, wondering about the amount of the fee.

"What I want to know now, Mr. Peterson, is this: Are you *interested* in absurdity?"

"Miss Arbor," he said, "to tell you the truth, I don't know. I'm not sure I believe in it."

"Oh, Mr. Peterson!" Miss Arbor said, shocked. "Don't *say* that! You'll be . . ."

"Punished?" Peterson suggested.

"*You* may not be interested in absurdity," she said firmly, "but absurdity is interested in *you*."

"I have a lot of problems, if that helps," Peterson said.

"Existence is problematic for you," Miss Arbor said, relieved. "The fee is two hundred dollars."

"I'M going to be on television," Peterson said to his dealer.

"A terrible shame," Jean-Claude responded. "Is it unavoidable?"

"It's unavoidable," Peterson said, "if I want to eat."

"How much?" Jean-Claude asked, and Peterson said, "Two hundred." He looked around the gallery to see if any of his works were on display.

"A ridiculous compensation, considering the infamy," Jean-Claude said. "Are you using your own name?"

"You haven't by any chance—"

"No one is buying," Jean-Claude said. "Undoubtedly it is the weather. People are thinking in terms of—what do you call those things?—slaloms? You would not consider again what I spoke to you about before?"

"No," Peterson said, "I wouldn't consider it."

"Two little ones would move much, much faster than a single huge big one," Jean-Claude said, looking away. "To saw it across the middle would be a very simple matter."

"It's supposed to be a work of art," Peterson said, as calmly as possible. "You don't go around sawing works of art across the middle, remember?"

"That place where it saws," Jean-Claude said, "is not very difficult. I can put my two hands around it." He made a circle with his two hands to demonstrate. "Invariably when I look at that piece I see two pieces. Are you absolutely sure you didn't conceive it wrongly in the first instance?"

"Absolutely," Peterson said. Not a single piece of his was on view in the gallery, and his liver expanded in rage and hatred.

"You have a very romantic impulse," Jean-Claude said. "I admire, dimly, the posture. You read too much in the history of art. It estranges you from those possibilities for authentic selfhood that inhere in the present century."

"I know," Peterson said. "Could you let me have twenty until the first?"

PETERSON sat in his loft on lower Broadway drinking Rheingold and thinking about Charles de Gaulle. Peterson had always felt very close to the General. He could still recall the stirring words of the broadcast of June 18, 1940: "I, General de Gaulle, speaking from London, invite the French officers and soldiers who may be in British territory, now or at a later date, with their arms or without their arms—" Would the General approve of the television program, if he knew? But I needed the money, he told himself. The telephone is turned off and the kitten is crying for milk. And I'm running out of beer. The General feels that the arts should be nourished. Andy Malraux and all that. Surely he doesn't want me to go without beer? He wondered if what he was feeling was simple guilt at having sold himself to television or something more elegant—nausea? His liver groaned within him, and suddenly he had a vision.

He was working in the loft. The piece in hand was to be called "Season's Greetings" and combined three auto radiators—one from a Chevrolet tudor, one from a Ford pickup, one from a 1932 Essex—with part of an old telephone switchboard and other items. The arrangement seemed right, and he began welding. After a time, the mass was freestanding. A couple of hours had passed. He put down the torch, lifted off the mask. He walked over to the refrigerator and found a sandwich left by a friendly junk dealer. It was a sandwich made hastily and without inspiration—a thin slice of ham between two pieces of bread. He ate it gratefully nevertheless. He stood looking at the work, moving from time

"Miss Harper, how would you like to be on the cover of our house organ?"

to time so as to view it from a new angle. Then the door to the loft burst open and General de Gaulle ran in, trailing a sixteen-pound sledge. His first blow cracked the principal weld in "Season's Greetings," and the two halves parted like lovers, clinging for a moment and then rushing off in opposite directions. Twelve French Secret Service men held Peterson in a paralyzing combination of secret grips. He's looking good, Peterson thought, very good—commanding, fit, trustworthy. I like his suit. The General's second and third blows smashed the Essex radiator and the Chevrolet radiator. Then he attacked the welding torch, the plaster sketches on the workbench, the Rodin cast, and the Giacometti stickman Peterson had bought in Paris. "*But my General!*" Peterson shouted. "*I thought we were friends!*" A Secret Service man bit him in the back of the neck. Then the General lifted the sledge high in the air, turned toward Peterson, and said, "Your liver is diseased? That's a good sign. You're making progress. You're thinking."

"I HAPPEN to think that guy in the Elysée Palace is doing a pretty darn good job." Peterson's barber, a man named Kitchen, who was also a lay analyst and the author of four books entitled "The Decision to Be," was the only person in the world to whom he had confided his former sense of community with de Gaulle. "As far as his relationship with you personally goes," the barber continued, "it's essentially a kind of I-Thou relationship, if you know what I mean. You got to handle it with full awareness of the implications. In the end one experiences only oneself, Nietzsche said. When you're angry with the General, what you experience is self-as-angry-with-the-General. When things are O.K. between you and him, what you experience is self-as-swinging-with-the-General. Well and good." Kitchen was lathering up Peterson's sideburns. "But," he went on, "you want the relationship to be such that what you experience is the-General-as-swinging-with-you. You want *his* reality—get it? So that you can break out of the hell of solipsism. How about a little more off the sides?"

"Everybody knows the language but me," Peterson said irritably.

"Look," Kitchen said, "when you talk about me to somebody else, you say 'my barber,' don't you? Sure you do. In the same way, I look at you as being 'my customer'—get it? But you don't regard yourself as 'my' customer and I don't regard myself as 'your' barber. Oh, it's hell all right." The razor moved like a switchblade across the back of Peterson's neck. "Like Pascal said: 'The natural misfortune of our mortal and feeble condition is so wretched that when we consider it closely, *nothing* can console us.' "

The razor rocketed around an ear.

"Listen," Peterson said, "what do you think of this television program called 'Who Am I?' Ever seen it?"

"Frankly," the barber said, "it smells of the library. But they do a job on those people, I'll tell you that."

"What do you mean?" Peterson said excitedly. "What kind of a job?"

The cloth was whisked away and shaken with a sharp popping sound. "It's too horrible even to talk about," Kitchen said. "But it's what they deserve, those crumbs."

"Which crumbs?" Peterson asked.

THAT night a huge, foreign-looking man with a switchblade as big as a butcher knife open in his hand walked into the loft without knocking and said, "Good evening, Mr. Peterson, I am the cat-piano player. Is there anything you'd particularly like to hear?"

"Cat-piano?" Peterson said, gasping, shrinking from the knife. "What are you talking about? What do you want?" A biography of Nolde slid from his lap to the floor.

"The cat-piano," said the visitor, "is an instrument of the devil, a diabolical instrument. You needn't sweat quite so much," he added, sounding aggrieved.

Peterson tried to be brave. "I don't understand."

"Let me explain," the tall, foreign-looking man said graciously. "The keyboard consists of eight cats—the octave—encased in the body of the instrument in such a way that only their heads and forepaws protrude. The player presses upon the appropriate paws, and the appropriate cats respond—with a kind of shriek. There is also provision made for pulling their tails. A tail-puller, or perhaps I should say tail *player*” (he smiled a disingenuous smile) “is stationed at the rear of the instrument, where the tails are. At the correct moment, the tail-puller pulls the correct tail. The tail note is of course quite different from the paw note and produces sounds in the upper registers. Have you ever seen such an instrument, Mr. Peterson?”

“No, and I don’t believe it exists,” Peterson said heroically.

“There is an excellent early-seventeenth-century engraving by Franz van der Wyngaert, Mr. Peterson, in which a cat-piano appears. Played, as it happens, by a man with a wooden leg. You will observe my own leg.” The cat-piano player hoisted his trousers and a leglike contraption of wood, metal, and plastic appeared. “And now, would you like to make a request? ‘The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian’? The ‘Romeo and Juliet Overture’? ‘Holiday for Strings’?”

“But why—” Peterson began, sweating.

“The kitten is crying for milk, Mr. Peterson. And whenever a kitten cries, the cat-piano plays.”

“But it’s not my kitten,” Peterson said reasonably. “It’s just a kitten that wished itself on me. I’ve been trying to give it away. I’m not even sure it’s still around. I haven’t seen it since the day before yesterday.” The kitten appeared, looked at Peterson reproachfully, and then rubbed itself against the cat-piano player’s mechanical leg. “Wait a minute!” Peterson exclaimed. “This thing is rigged! That cat hasn’t been here in two days. What do you want from me? What am I supposed to do?”

“Choices, Mr. Peterson, choices. You *chose* that kitten as a way of encountering that which you are not—that is to say, kitten. An effort on the part of the *pour-soi* to—”

“But *it* chose *me!*” Peterson cried. “The door was open, and the first thing I knew it was lying in my bed, under the Army blanket. I didn’t have anything to do with it!”

The cat-piano player repeated his disingenuous smile. “Yes, Mr. Peterson, I know, I know. Things are done to you, it is all a gigantic conspiracy. I’ve heard the story a hundred times. But the kitten is here, is it not? The kitten is weeping, is it not?”

Peterson looked at the kitten, which was crying huge tigerish tears into its empty dish.

“Listen, Mr. Peterson,” the cat-piano player said. “*Listen!*” The blade of his immense knife jumped back into the handle with a thwack, and the hideous music began.

THE day after the hideous music began, the three girls from California arrived. Peterson opened his door, hesitantly, in response to an insistent ringing, and found himself being stared at by three girls in blue jeans and heavy sweaters, carrying suitcases. “I’m Sherry,” the first girl said, “and this is Ann and this is Louise. We’re from California and we need a place to stay.” They were extremely homely and extremely purposeful.

“I’m sorry,” Peterson said, “I can’t—”

“We sleep anywhere,” Sherry said, looking past him into the vastness of his loft. “On the floor if we have to. We’ve done it before.”

Ann and Louise stood on their toes to get a good look. “What’s that funny music?” Sherry asked. “It sounds pretty far out. We really won’t be any trouble at all and it’ll just be for a little while until we make a connection.”

“Yes,” Peterson said, “but why me?”

“You’re an artist,” Sherry said sternly. “We saw the ‘Artist in Residence’ sign downstairs.”

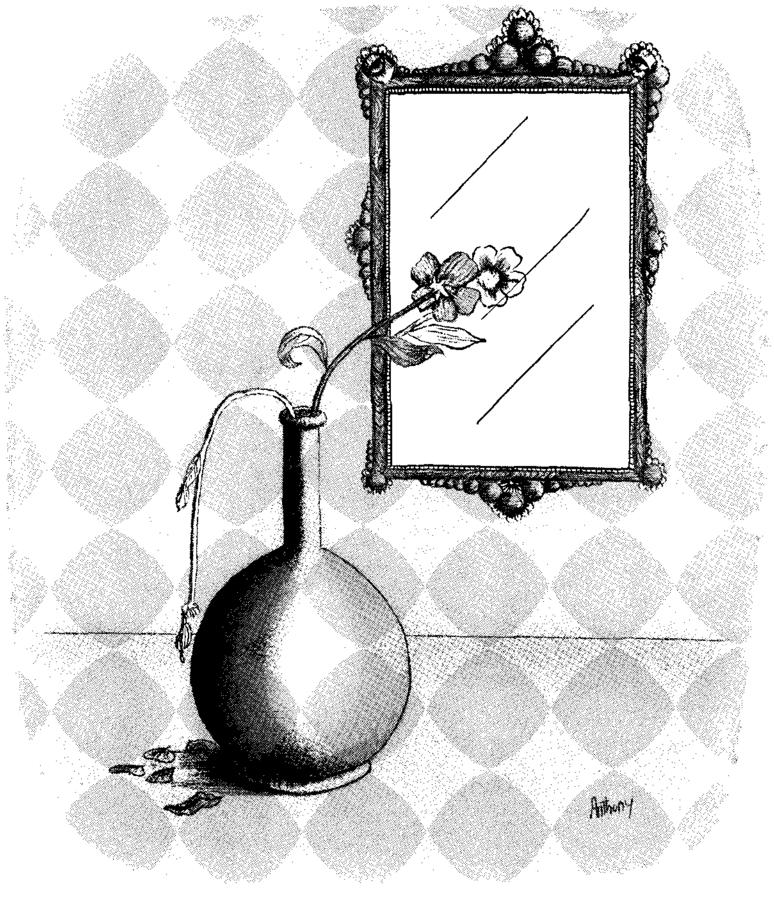
Peterson cursed the fire laws, which made posting of the signs obligatory. “Listen,” he said, “I can’t even feed the cat. I can’t even keep myself in beer. This is not the place. You won’t be happy here. My work isn’t authentic. I’m a minor artist.”

“The natural misfortune of our mortal and feeble condition is so wretched that when we consider it closely, nothing can console us,” Sherry said. “That’s Pascal.”

“I know,” Peterson said, weakly.

“Where is the john?” Louise asked. Ann marched into the kitchen and began to prepare, from supplies removed from her rucksack, something called *veal engagé*. “Kiss me,” Sherry said, “I need love.”

Peterson flew to his friendly neighborhood bar, ordered a double brandy, and wedged himself into a telephone booth. “Miss Arbor? This is Hank Peterson. Listen, Miss Arbor, I can’t do it. No, I mean really. I’m being punished horribly for even thinking about it. No, I mean it. You can’t imagine what’s going on around here. Please, get somebody else? I’d regard it as a great personal favor. Miss Arbor? Please?”



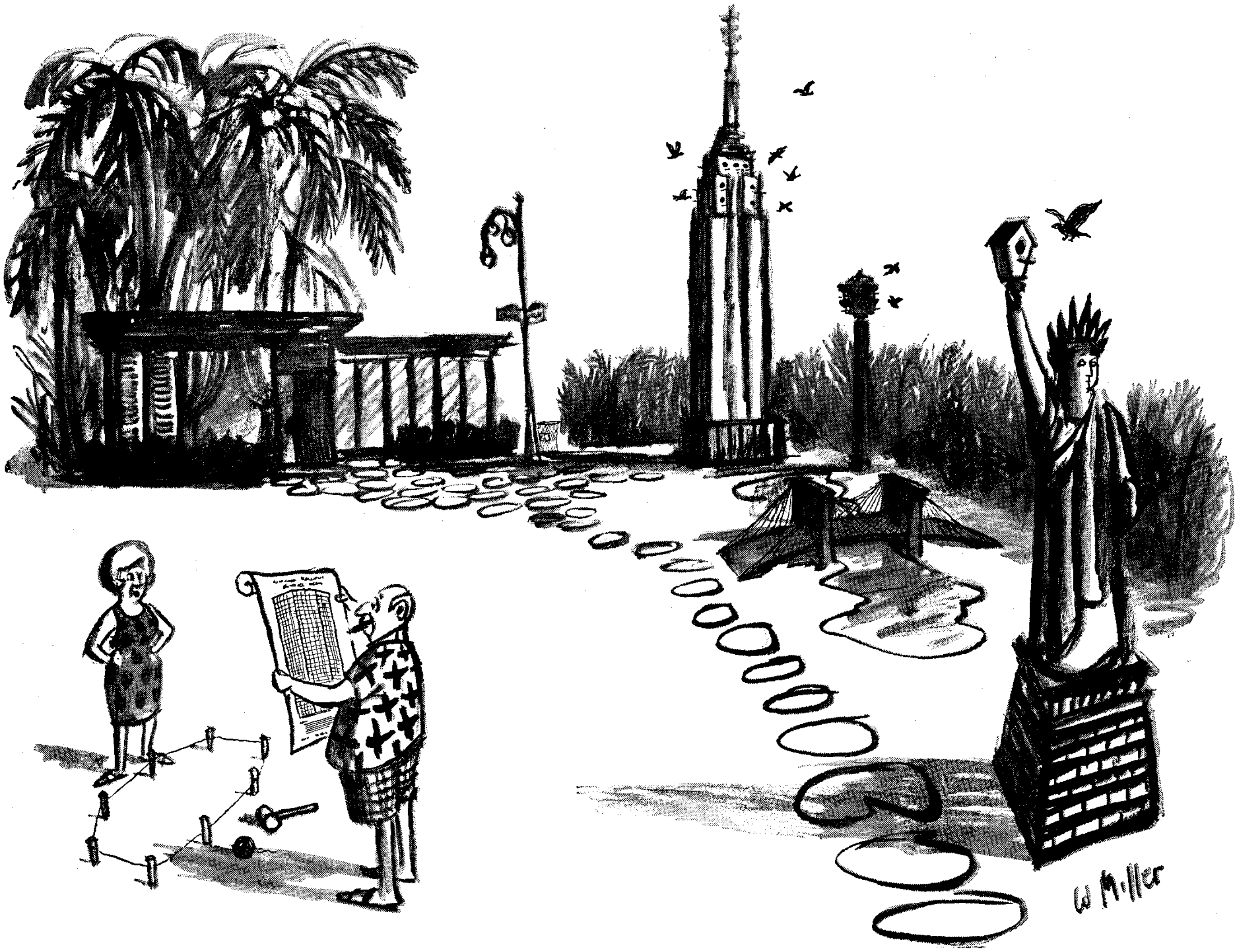
HIS two fellow-contestants were a young man in white pajamas named Arthur Pick, who was a *karate* expert, and an airline pilot in full uniform named Wallace E. Rice. “Just be natural,” Miss Arbor said, “and of course that’s measured by the polygraph.”

“What’s this about a polygraph?” the airline pilot asked.

“The polygraph measures the validity of your answers,” Miss Arbor said, her lips glowing whitely. “How else are we going to know if you’re—”

“Lying?” Wallace E. Rice supplied.

The contestants were connected to the machine, and the machine to a large illuminated



"For God's sake, Harry, why don't we just move back?"

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tote board hanging over their heads. The master of ceremonies, Peterson noted without pleasure, resembled André Gide and did not look at all friendly.

The program began with Arthur Pick. Arthur Pick got up in his white pajamas and gave a *karate* demonstration in which he broke three half-inch pine boards with a single kick of his naked left foot. Then he told how he had disarmed a bandit, late at night at the A. & P. where he was an assistant manager, with a maneuver called a "*ripchoong*," which he demonstrated on the announcer.

"How about that!" the announcer carolled. "Isn't that something? Audience?" The audience responded enthusiastically, and Arthur Pick stood modestly with his hands behind his back. "Now," the announcer said, "let's play 'Who Am I?' And here's your host, *Bill Lemmon!*"

No, he doesn't look like Gide, Peterson decided.

"Arthur," Bill Lemmon said, "for twenty dollars—do you love your mother?"

"Yes," Arthur Pick said. "Yes, of course."

A bell rang and the tote board flashed and the audience screamed. "He's lying!" the announcer shouted. "Lying! Lying! Lying!"

"Arthur," Bill Lemmon said, looking at his index cards, "the polygraph shows that the validity of your answer is—questionable. Would you like to try it again? Take another crack at it?"

"You're crazy," Arthur Pick said. "Of course I love my mother." He was fishing around inside his pajamas for a handkerchief.

"Is your mother watching the show tonight, Arthur?"

"Yes, Bill, she is."

"How long have you been studying *karate*?"

"Two years, Bill."

"And who paid for the lessons?"

Arthur Pick hesitated. Then he said, "My mother, Bill."

"They were pretty expensive, weren't they, Arthur?"

"Yes, Bill, they were."

"How expensive?"

"Five dollars an hour."

"Your mother doesn't make very much money, does she, Arthur?"

"No, Bill, she doesn't."

"Arthur, what does your mother do for a living?"

"She's a garment worker, Bill. In the garment district."

"And how long has she worked down there?"

"All her life, I guess. Since my old man died."

"And she doesn't make very much money, you said."

"No. But she *wanted* to pay for the lessons. She *insisted* on it."

Bill Lemmon said: "She wanted a son who could break boards with his feet?"

Peterson's liver leaped, and the tote board spelled out, in huge, glowing white letters, the words "BAD FAITH."

The airline pilot, Wallace E. Rice, was led to reveal that he had been caught, on a flight from Omaha to Miami, with a stewardess sitting on his lap and wearing his captain's cap, that the flight engineer had taken a Polaroid picture, and that he had been given involuntary retirement after nineteen years of faithful service. "It was perfectly safe," Wallace E. Rice said. "You don't understand—the automatic pilot can fly that plane better than I can." He further confessed to a lifelong and intolerable itch after stewardesses which had much to do, he said, with the way their jackets fell just on top of their hips, and his own jacket with the four gold stripes on the sleeve darkened with sweat until it was black.

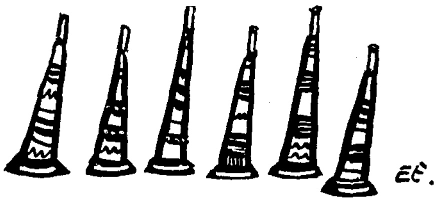
I was wrong, Peterson thought, the world is absurd. The absurdity is punishing me for not believing in it. I affirm the absurdity. On the other hand, absurdity is itself absurd. Before the emcee could ask him the first question, Peterson began to talk.

"Yesterday," Peterson said to the television audience, "in the typewriter in front of the Olivetti showroom on Fifth Avenue, I found a recipe for Ten Ingredient soup that included a stone from a toad's head. And while I stood there marvelling, a nice old lady pasted on the elbow of my best Haspel suit a little blue sticker reading, 'THIS INDIVIDUAL IS A PART OF THE COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY FOR GLOBAL DOMINATION OF THE ENTIRE GLOBE.' Coming home I passed a sign that said in ten-foot letters 'COWARD SHOES' and heard a man singing 'Golden Earrings' in a horrible voice, and last night I dreamed there was a shootout at our house on Meat Street and my mother shoved me in a closet to get me out of the line of fire."

The emcee waved at the floor manager to turn Peterson off, but Peterson kept talking.

"In this kind of a world," Peterson said, "absurd if you will, possibilities nevertheless proliferate and escalate all around us and there are opportunities for beginning again. I am a minor artist and my dealer won't even display my work if he can help it, but minor is as minor does and lightning may strike even yet. Don't be reconciled. Turn off your television sets. Cash in your life insurance. Indulge in a spurious optimism. Visit girls at dusk. Play the guitar. How can you be alienated without first having been connected? Think back and remember how it was."

A man on the floor in front of Peterson was waving a piece of cardboard on which something threatening was written, but Peterson ignored him and concentrated on the camera with the little red light. The little red light jumped from camera to camera in an attempt to throw him off balance, but Peterson was too smart for it and followed wherever it went. "My mother was a royal virgin," Peterson said, "and my father a shower of gold. My childhood was pastoral and energetic and rich in experiences which developed my character. As a young man I was noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form express and admirable, and in apprehension . . ."



Peterson went on and on and although he was, in a sense, lying, in a sense he was not.

—Donald Barthelme

THE ICE SKIN

All things that go deep enough
Into rain and cold
Take on, before they break down,
A shining in every part.
The necks of slender trees
Reel under it, too much crowned,
Like princes dressing as kings,

And the redwoods let sink their branches
Like arms that try to hold buckets
Filling slowly with diamonds

Until a cannon goes off
Somewhere inside the still trunk
And a limb breaks, just before midnight,
Plunging houses into the darkness
And hands into cupboards, all seeking
Candles, and finding each other.
There is this skin

Always waiting in cold-enough air.
I have seen aircraft, in war,
Squatting on runways,

Dazed with their own enclosed,
Coming-forth, intensified color
As though seen by a child in a poem.
I have felt growing over
Me, in the heated death rooms
Of uncles, the ice
Skin, that which the dying

Lose, and we others,
In their thawing presence, take on.
I have felt the heroic glaze

Also, in hospital waiting
Rooms—that masterly shining,
And the slow weight that makes you sit
Like an emperor, fallen, becoming
His monument, with the stiff thorns
Of fear upside down on the brow,
An overturned kingdom;

Through the window of ice,
I have stared at my son in his cage,
Just born, just born.

I touched the frost of my eyebrows
To the cold he turned to
Blindly, but sensing a thing.
Neither glass nor the jagged
Helm on my forehead would melt.
My son now stands with his head
At my shoulder. I

Stand, stooping more, but the same,
Not knowing whether
I will break before I can feel,

Before I can give up my powers,
Or whether the ice-light
In my eyes will ever snap off
Before I die. I am still,
And my son, doing what he was taught,
Listening hard for a buried cannon,
Stands also, calm as glass.

—James Dickey

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE HARMONIES OF HEAVEN

"ASTROLOGY, of course, is the latest, most modern of sciences," said a Cambodian astrologer I met in Angkor. He was sitting with a transistor radio to his ear, a Rolleiflex round his neck, and a mat under him, on the veranda of a little wooden house on stilts, which I had helped him build the day before, and which he now occupied with his family of twelve. "Astrology is all waves," he said. "Waves and rays and effluvia. Now that scientists have rediscovered what we knew all the time, which is that matter is energy and energy matter, it is just as rational to believe that emanations from the stars influence our lives, the cells of our bodies, and the electrical impulses along our nerves to our brains as it is to believe that this box [he indicated the transistor] transmits human voices, and this one [the Rolleiflex] reproduces the images of the material world. Believe me, ours is the latest scientific development of the twentieth century."

Outside his new-wood-smelling house, with its asbestos-sheet roof, a large new sign said, in French and in Cambodian:

> *Monsieur Kher-Sophong, Docteur des Sciences de l'Institut d'Astrologie, diplômé de l'Université de Rangoon, de Madura, et de Lille (France). Consultation: 25 riels.*

Dr. Kher-Sophong was only the latest of a long line of seers, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, and horoscope men with whom I had become acquainted in twenty-five years of desultory consulting. Not that I believe in astrology myself. Like nearly everyone else I know, I strenuously deny believing in astrology. But, like everyone else, whenever I read a newspaper—in England, in France, or in Singapore—I turn eventually to the horoscope paragraph, where, under "Virgo," I find the destiny of my day and week mapped out. And in that I think myself normal—as normal as millions of Asians, Africans, and Americans in this world.

Astrology began for me with my father, a Chinese who disbelieved all soothsayers, diviners, predictions, forecasts, and supernatural agencies. He was a Confucian by tradition, an agnostic by intelligence. He was courteously skeptical, but filial enough to send, every time a child was born to him (and we were eight), the date and hour of birth to his mother, who passed it on to the family astrologer. These were the old days in China, and my father's family had its private astrologer, kept on an annual retaining fee, who worked out the predictions for us all. There were at that time three hundred members of the family, scattered all over China, who consulted him in connection with births and marriages, and also about buying houses and engaging in other business enterprises—whether a deal would be auspicious, which was the best day for giving the feast that would seal the contract—and he was kept busy. When I was twenty-two, I made a trip to our ancestral town of Chengtu, in Szechuan Province, where my family had lived for something like two hundred and fifty years, and I paid a courtesy call on our family astrologer. He was still very busy, a thin, wizened, unsmiling man with thick lenses to his glasses, a round skull cap, and a very low-pitched voice. He sipped chrysanthemum tea from a cup set on his writing desk, and I had been told that he took opium, supplied to him by a very important warlord, who always consulted him before embarking on any political adventures.

My father never told us the content of the horoscopes that came back from the astrologer, by registered mail—dignified, bulky envelopes filled with silky paper on which our consultant had inscribed the course of our lives in beautiful black brush strokes. In fact, I think Father lost them, or mislaid them among his blueprints—he was an engineer—because later, when he died and I went back to Peking to sort out what was left in our house, I found trunkfuls of books and papers and blueprints and drawings of engineering projects but only one horoscope. It was that of one of my brothers, who had died in infancy. "The hour of birth indicates a weak character and a puny child," the horoscope read. "If, however, he is able to outlive the first moon of life . . ." But my brother had never crossed the hurdle of his first moon. He had been dropped on his head by the village midwife who attended my mother, and died ten days after birth.

I was told by my relatives that the family astrologer had not only drawn all our horoscopes but, years before, when my father announced his intention of marrying, had prepared my mother's horoscope, at my grandmother's request. My mother was European, and the astrologer had had a very hard time indeed working out the exact date and hour of her birth on his lunar calendar, having been given her birth date according to the sun calendar. He always complained later that the hour given to him was erroneous, because, according to his calculations, my mother should have been a boy, not a girl. My grandmother was much perturbed about it, and correspondence went on between her and the astrologer for years—long after my mother had married my father and a couple of children had been born to them—about the exact time of her birth. Finally, the astrologer came up with the horoscope. He had a marvellous memory (he did not keep files), and when I saw him, he kindly obliged me with an exact reproduction of what he had written about my mother. "Strong determination, a will of iron, and fiery impatience," it said. "If a man, this person would have become a general and a leader of tens of thousands." There was also mention of many children, much upheaval, and a warning that my mother should abstain from "wine, red pepper, hot sauces, too much travel, and the north wind."

DURING the Sino-Japanese war, Chungking and Chengtu, the cities where the Nationalist government of China held sway, were great places for fortune-tellers, diviners, and soothsayers. My husband and I lived in Chungking, and because cinemas were few, crowded, and frequently bombed, and because life in the shelters during the daily air raids left us only the evening hours in which to stroll, it was a favorite pastime at the end of the day to go and "consult the physiognomy" at the establishment of one or another soothsayer. That was how I became acquainted with the mole-eradicators. They were numerous and cheap. They walked about carrying in one hand the flag of their trade, a blue cloth square hung on a bamboo stick. On one side of the cloth, written in white characters, was "Horoscopes, face-reading, removal of disasters," and on the other was painted a face covered with moles, each with a descriptive epithet of its own—"tear-shedding mole," "throat-danger mole," "smallpox mole," "find-husband mole," "spring-return mole," "thinking-in-exile mole," and so forth. The first time a mole man practiced on me was a few months after my marriage. My husband and I were ambling about after a particularly trying day in the air-raid shelters, and the mole man, a slight, vivacious gentleman in a long blue robe, stopped us and cried, "Ah, I see so much in the noble lady's face! Alas that it should be marred by that tear-shedding mole on her left lower eyelid!"

My husband stopped, and the mole man immediately started, in the flowery manner of Szechuan, a long discourse, entirely in verse, which held us spellbound. (The literary tradition in Szechuan is so deeply ingrained that even last year, when I was visiting the communes around my native town, I was greeted with speeches in verse; even the manure carriers, now as in the old days, quote from the poets.) I cannot reproduce the mole man's discourse now, twenty-odd years later, but its memory enchants me with its metaphors of wind-rippling waters and heralding cranes, its hints of greatness and portents of possible dangers. Lyrical, breathless, impassioned, the mole-eradicator ended, "Control your fate, O Lady. Turn the wheel of destiny smoothly, to scatter only petals of flowers on your path. Let me remove that mole, and I will tell your fortune besides, all for a dollar. See, I shall begin now. At the autumn equinox, you two plighted your troth, like the phoenix and the dragon, thus establishing a harmony predestined through the centuries."

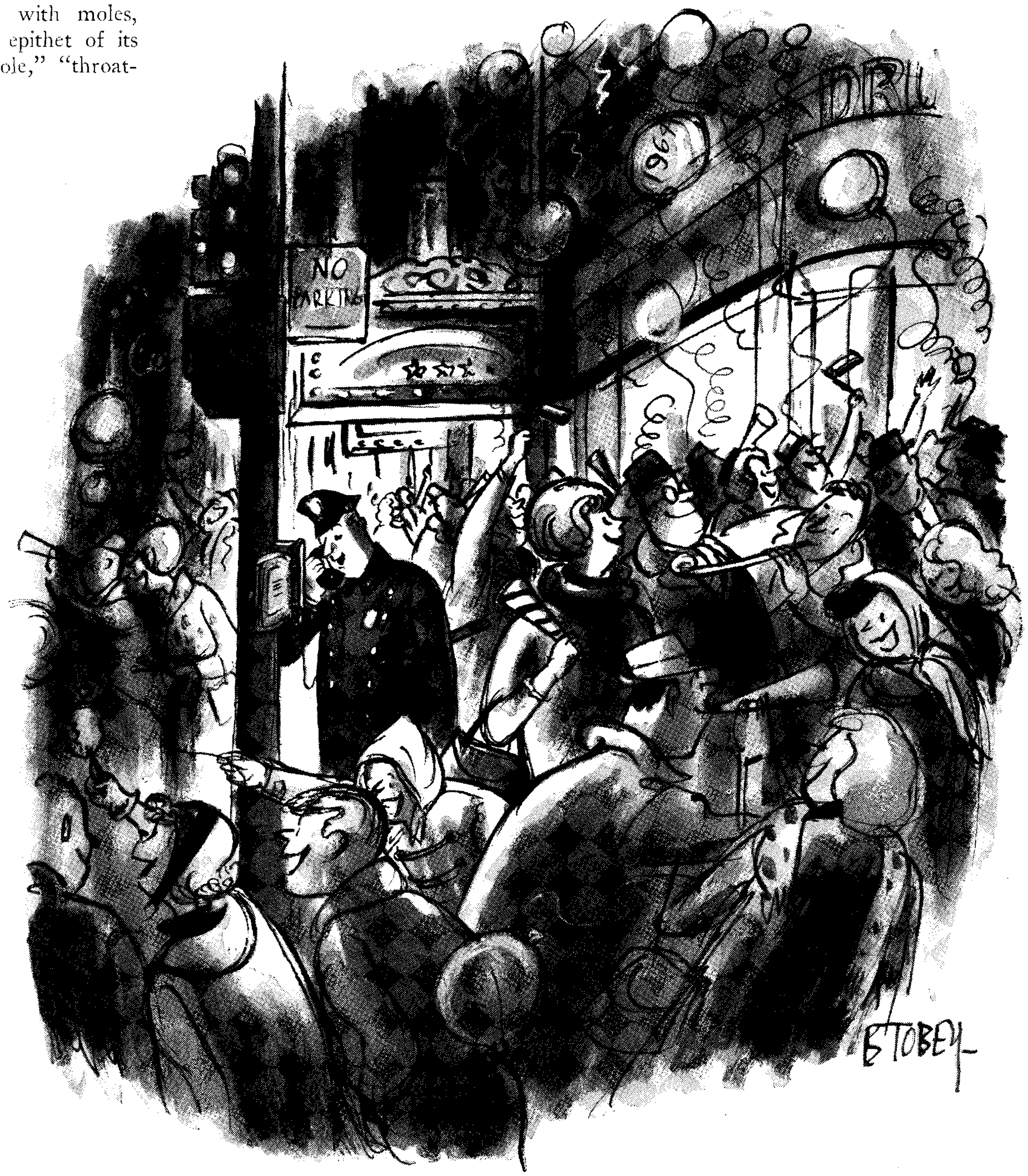
That impressed my husband. "It is true, we were married in October," he said. "Let's see what he can do about that mole."

"That's not a mole," I replied. "It's a freckle. And the evening is dark, so how can he see a mole in this light?"

"Mole or freckle, it is a spot to mar an otherwise unblemished beauty," said the mole man. "For a dollar, a mere dollar, I remove forever the occasion for you to shed tears, and tell you all that will happen to you in the next three months."

So we said yes, and quickly he produced from his long robe a small bottle and a thin metal stick and dabbed something (I think it was acid) on my freckle. "There," he said. "In four days, it will drop. After eight days, you will never weep again."

In the next few weeks, we became clients of other mole men. Soon it



"It's nothing, Sarge. Just want to wish you a Happy New Year."

was a habit. For a dollar, we were told the most wonderful stories, and I had many "moles" removed. A throat-strangling mole on the back of my neck, a suicide mole on my right ear, a quarrel-with-mother-in-law mole at the corner of my mouth, and a difficult-labor mole on my left hand dropped off me, and I also learned the auspicious or nefarious days for walking out, shopping, and inviting friends to my house, and what I should eat to get pregnant quickly. I maintained that these moles were freckles, of which I always get a scattering in summer, but mole-removing had entered into our way of life and was part of the evening, after-the-raid stroll. Then came the day when there was nothing left to remove. I was proof against suicide, death by hanging, strangulation, quarrels with in-laws, and weeping, and would enjoy painless labor besides. My husband grew only beneficent moles. He had one, a small but real one, above the right eyebrow, and was told again and again to prize it, for it was a becoming-general-of-the-Right mole, which meant that he would become a high official through literary, rather than military, prowess.

At first, we did not discuss this mild plastic surgery with our friends, but then we discovered that all of them, too, had pet soothsayers, mole men, astrologers, and diviners whom they consulted in the course of their evening walks. We found out that everyone, absolutely everyone, in the government, including the higher military officials, consulted astrologers and physiognomists regularly. One day, we went to pay our respects to an important general and found him deep in converse with the wealthiest of all the astrologers of those war years, a blind man who, merely upon being provided with the date and hour of a client's birth, foretold all the events of his life. He divined by feeling the bones in the client's left hand.

The "feel-bones" man had a great vogue, and then yielded some of his esteem and importance to someone else, who did not need to feel bones and was a favorite with the ladies. The "feel-bones" man kept his male clientele, however; he lost the women because those were days in which modesty was again in fashion, and no respectable Chinese woman would willingly give her hand, bones and all, to a man.

In China in 1940, there were still quite a few people who would not get married until the horoscopes of the future bride and groom had been "harmoniously accorded." But even then astrologers were beginning to make the stars more flexible, because marriage without previous astrological computation was gaining ground. "You've actually married the wrong person for you," the astrologer would say with a sigh, "but I can make the stars shift their verdict if on the third day of the next month you will collect morning dew and make tea with it. But it must be tea brewed from this recipe, which will cost you ten dollars. Then both of you, at 6:30 A.M.,

"Promise me, Dad. Don't ask him what his prospects are. Ask him how much longer he has to go to school."

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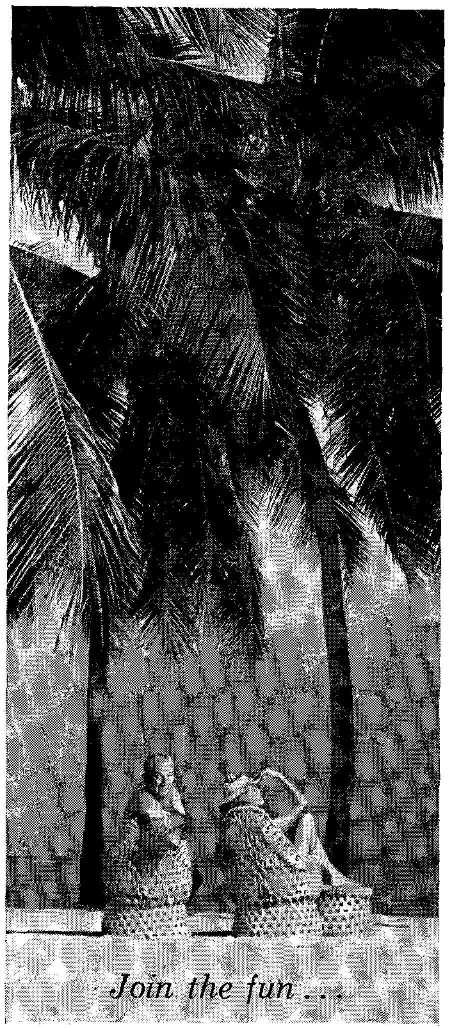
facing east, must drink it together. All evil will be annulled."

ASTROLOGY always enjoys a boom in times of war or crisis, but in Asia it is a serious business at all times, and many countries have official government astrologers maintained at public expense. It is also a multimillion-dollar business, for the number of those who consult astrologers is very large. Astrology and divining, being imprecise, poorly compartmented sciences, overflow into medicine, politics, publishing, and education. In Nepal, the coronation of King Mahendra, in 1956, could not take place until the court astrologers had determined the correct day, hour, and minute upon which the crown should descend on the royal head. All over India, Burma, and Southeast Asia, such important events as princely marriages and state funerals cannot be arranged without previous consultation of the cosmos. The same holds true in matters of state, such as the signing of treaties. Astrologers are always consulted when important negotiations in which ambiguity, the confrontation of unfriendly nations, or a clash of attitudes are involved. Thus, in 1954, when the ratification of the SEATO treaty was imminent, certain Asian statesmen would not budge until astrologers had agreed upon an auspicious day for the first public negotiations. One statesman engaged in parleys with a representative of another country found out, to his horror, that the other man was born in the Year of the Dragon, under a constellation that favored him strongly at certain hours of the day in the coming weeks. Meetings were postponed until astrologers had rectified the imbalance, and until the statesman's own constellation was in the ascendant.

Often, when an Asian Cabinet Minister is selecting his staff, he will ask for the candidates' horoscopes, in order to make sure that none of them are men unlucky for him. I know a multimillionaire in Malaya, with vast enterprises in real estate, shipping, and tin, who will never form a company, hold a meeting, or sign a deal before consulting his soothsayer. I am also acquainted with an English-educated Asian business executive in Singapore, very modern in his outlook, who owns twelve limousines (he, too, is a millionaire) but who continues to live in a hundred-year-old house without a bathroom, because he was told thirty years ago by an astrologer that the stars overlooking his roof would remain fixedly benevolent but that his luck would run out if he left the house. As a result, the twelve limousines crowd the small courtyard, and visitors find it necessary to sidle along, inching their way between them, in order to get to his front door.

Everywhere in Asia there are publications devoted to the business of outflanking the future. Perhaps the most important of them is the Chinese Astrological Calendar. Executives and merchants who use the Western calendar in their business also buy and use this other calendar to determine when to make appointments, when to see callers, when to start putting up buildings, when to sign contracts, when to take in partners, when to marry off their sons and daughters, and how to dispose of their money. This calendar is an encyclopedia of agriculture, medicine, and household proverbs and a guide to the forces of the universe, all rolled into one thick book. The origins and structure of the Astrological Calendar provide curious insights into Oriental character. In Asia, a man's environment does not mean only the house he inhabits, the street he lives in, and the village he calls his own but the universe itself. Every Asian feels related to everything about him, animate or inanimate. I think this feeling must stem from his great dependence on agriculture and weather. Floods and drought still control the life of eighty per cent of the people of China. Since man is still at the mercy of nature, and nature, to him, includes the wind, the sun and the moon, the stars, the entire cosmos, he feels that he must propitiate, outmaneuver, or come to terms with their mysterious and significant forces. Hence, from earliest times he has devoted himself to trying to grasp the underlying harmony, the relationship between himself and the life and nonlife about him. Agriculture and astronomy were obviously related, for man could see that the sun and moon had something to do with the growing of what he planted and with the tides. The first Asian calendar was based entirely on the waxing and waning of the moon, and this lunar calendar is still in use throughout the whole Moslem world, which computes its fasts and religious festivals according to the moon's travels, and also in India and China, where it is used in the countryside, although the official calendar is solar. In China, however, it was noticed that the moon was not as significant for agricultural purposes as the sun, and this led to the evolution of another calendar, which stipulated twenty-four dates for various kinds of agricultural work—a farmer's alma-



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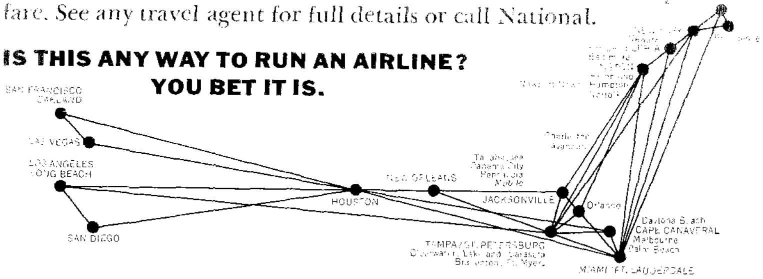
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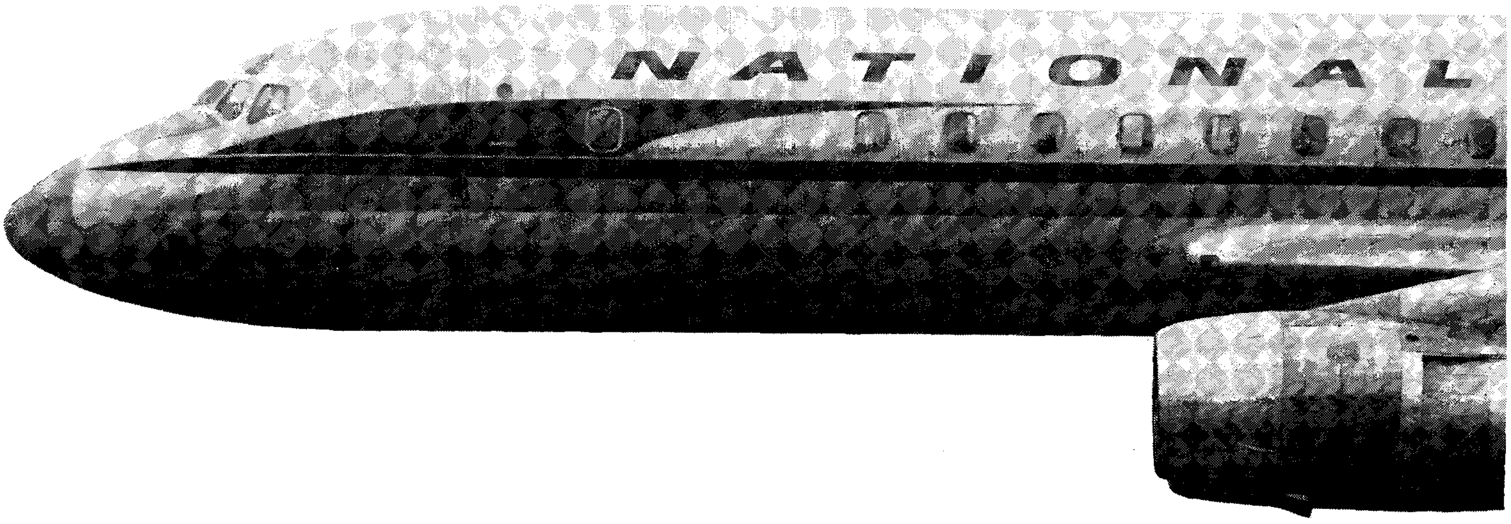

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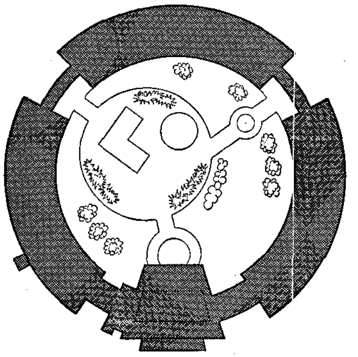
nac, based on the summer and winter solstices and the spring and autumn equinoxes. Then, since Asians must systematize and harmonize their universe, it became necessary to adjust the discrepant courses and cycles of the sun and the moon. This complex and ingenious adjustment is the Chinese Astrological Calendar.

The calendar was perhaps erected upon a primal Asian myth that conceived of the universe as one great tree. This myth, incidentally, is still embraced by some of the national minorities that inhabit South China today—people who were probably there even before the Chinese came in, over ten thousand years ago. The Astrological Calendar is a construct made of stems and branches. In brief, there are ten celestial stems; below them are twelve terrestrial branches. The twelve branches actually correspond to the signs of the Zodiac, so the calendar harmonizes not only the divergent cycles of the sun and the moon but also the old, animistic "tree-of-life" religions and the zodiacal signs, which must have been first known to the Chinese, as they were to the Sumerians and the Hittites, five thousand years ago.

Each of the ten celestial stems has a name—or, rather, an ideogram—and so does each of the twelve terrestrial branches. These two ideograms, when combined, form two characters, and each year is known by these two characters. Every Chinese, for instance, knows 1911, the year of China's first modern revolution, as Hsin-'hai. Because there are ten celestial stems and twelve terrestrial branches, the Astrological Calendar must be divided into sixty-year cycles. The first year of any cycle is known by the ideograms for the first celestial stem and the first terrestrial branch, the second year by those for the second celestial stem and second terrestrial branch, and so forth. After the tenth year, the celestial list being exhausted, the cycle returns to the first celestial stem as a mate for the eleventh terrestrial branch; in the thirteenth year, the third celestial stem is linked with the first terrestrial branch. Only after sixty years are the first ideograms of the two lists reunited, and then the cosmic cycle begins again. If the Chinese Astrological Calendar were in effect in the United States, history books would record the unsettling fact that Lincoln and Harding both took office in the year Hsin Yu.

The Astrological Calendar also makes an adjustment of the lunar and solar cycles in reckoning months. The imperfect lunar year is considered ade-



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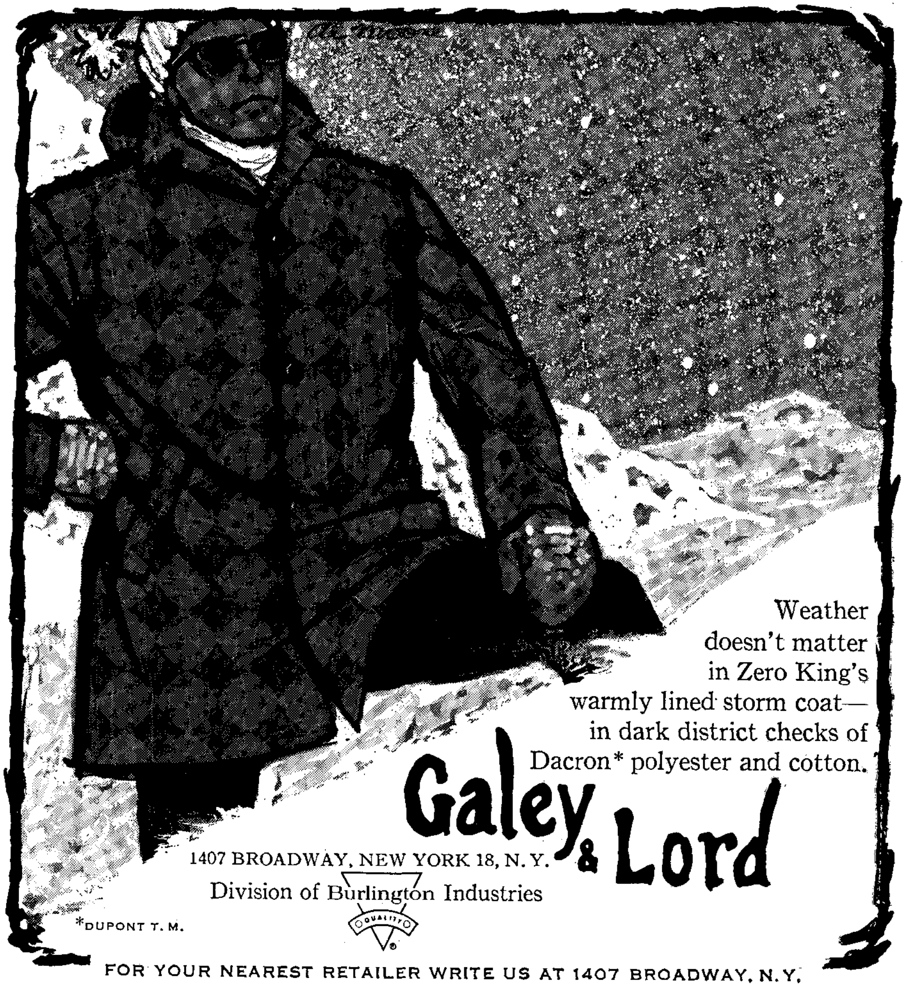
quate to govern the dates of various Chinese festivals, but the solar year, on which agriculture and life depend, is divided into twenty-four periods, of varying lengths, which precisely add up to one solar year, and which were first defined as early as the Shang dynasty, before 1122 B.C. The twenty-four solar periods vary between fourteen and sixteen days' duration. Every Chinese peasant understands the apparent slowing down of the summer sun, and any child in a Chinese village can rattle off the names and order of the solar periods: "Spring begins, spring showers, insects waken, vernal equinox, clear and bright, grain rain, summer begins, grain forms, grain in ear, summer solstice, moderate heat, great heat, autumn begins, heat recedes, white dew, autumnal equinox, cold dew, frost descends, winter begins, light snow, heavy snow, winter solstice, moderate cold, severe cold." The Chinese Astrological Calendar's most important function is to give each peasant the exact dates of these solar periods. To be sure, he will look only at the lunar date, but its accompanying solar ideogram is the significant one—the compass that keeps his fields in permanent harmony with the circling sun.

The days and hours are identified in the Astrological Calendar by similar means, the chief complication here being that there is a twelve-unit day made up of two-hour periods. Thus, any two-hour period in history can be represented by eight characters of occult significance—two each for the hour, day, month, and year. These are the eight characters required to cast a horoscope, upon which are based all fortune-telling and all interpretation of the past. An excellent astrologer can even set a client right if he is given the wrong two-hour period of birth. That is because each horoscope also includes a table of physiognomies, which must correspond to the time period in question. I remember that our family astrologer needed only to look at the face of a person whose horoscope he possessed to tell whether the hour of birth he had given was right. Once, he corrected my husband, who insisted he had been born at midnight. "Never," replied the astrologer. "Your forehead shows that you were born before ten P.M. The clock was wrong." And that was that.

The significance of the eight characters does not stop here. The ten celestial stems are associated in pairs with the five elements—metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Metal is inimical to wood, wood to earth, earth to water, water to fire, and fire to metal. On the other hand, metal is friendly to water, wood



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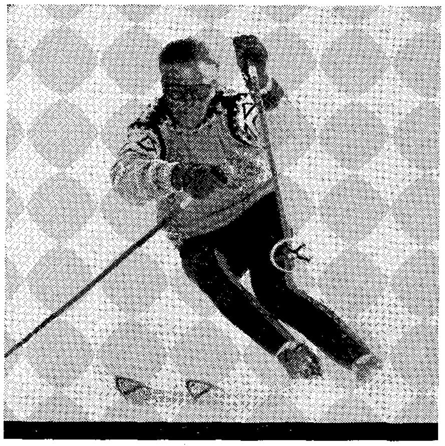

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to fire, water to wood, earth to metal, and fire to earth—because metal is tempered in water, wood feeds fire, water floats wood, earth buries metal, and fire makes the earth produce. The five elements, in their turn, are associated with the five virtues (benevolence, uprightness, filial piety, self-control, and good manners), the five organs, the five colors, the five senses, the five mansions of the spirit, and the five bodies of the cosmos. All this—tree of life, celestial stems, terrestrial branches, physiognomies, elements, virtues, organs, colors, senses, mansions, and heavenly bodies—creates an interlocking harmony, and, when expounded in rolling, sonorous verse, gives one a feeling of immense, almost cosmic significance, excellent for the ego. Almost, almost, one believes it all.

Each terrestrial branch is also associated with an animal. The twelve-year cycle of presiding fauna is: rat, ox, tiger, hare (or rabbit), dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog, and pig (or boar). The events of a given year and the people born during that year acquire certain characteristics from the presiding animal. Thus, women born in the Year of the Tiger are supposed to dominate their husbands. I know a charming college teacher in Singapore who has been waiting for three years to marry her fiancé, an engineer educated in America, because of their clashing horoscopes. In the first year of their engagement, the young man had to wait for the marriage of his elder brother; to precede him in marriage, the family astrologer had said, would damage family harmony. Then the astrologer discovered that the young man's horoscope made it unlucky for him to marry before the age of twenty-five, which meant that he had to wait another full year. His twenty-fifth birthday came in 1962, which was the Year of the Tiger. He himself had been born in the Year of the Rat, but, alas, his fiancée had been born in a previous Year of the Tiger. If they married in 1962, the astrologer warned, there was a strong chance that she would become a tigerish, snarling wife. Neither of them dared take the risk. They decided to be married in 1963, the Year of the Hare, for hares cannot harm either tigers or rats.

The whole astrological system, stupefyingly complex as it is, is really a determined attempt, as I said some time ago (it seems centuries ago, now that I've tried to explain it), to harmonize *everything*—astrology, astronomy, ritual spirits of a very old animistic religion, the inert materials of the world, and the life-giving seeds planted by man—into a cosmic unity. So strong is this almost prehistoric Asian concept of harmony that it has been incorporated into most of the later Oriental religions, such as Buddhism. The system I have described here is Chinese, but similar systems, with their own formidable complexities, have been evolved in Nepal, India, and Burma. A free interchange of knowledge among astrologers is assured by occasional astrological congresses; the last one took place in India two years ago.

Like almost everyone I know, I own a copy of the Astrological Calendar. The one I have is a long, red, three-inch-thick untitled volume printed in Hong Kong. On the back cover are advertisements for Tiger Bone Wine and Ginseng Extract, patent medicines produced in China and sold all over Southeast Asia in vast quantities; both are popularly supposed to possess aphrodisiacal qualities, and are advertised as having been produced in proper harmony with the stars. A quick passage through the crowded pages of the book discloses to the reader such information as:

A general prediction for the current year, with a picture of the animal of the year and a description of the agricultural outlook. Although the book now circulates almost entirely among Chinese outside China, the dates it recommends for planting and plowing are still those applicable to the central Chinese provinces.

A hundred-year calendar (of the *past* hundred years).

A guide to one's personal fortunes during the current year, listing the twenty-four solar periods and setting forth auspicious days for travelling, visiting relatives, and conducting financial negotiations.

Dates of the chief festivals in China and Southeast Asia.

A guide to the movement of the planets.

A list of auspicious days for washing one's hair, making one's clothes, taking bets, and buying lottery tickets.

A tide table of the waters of the Canton River.

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A section (a very brief section) entitled "How to Tell Fortunes Without Consulting Fortune-Tellers."

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Advice, lavishly illustrated and described in large characters, on how and when to sweep floors, how to clean the house, how to observe simple rules of hygiene, and, in general, how to be an efficient housewife.

This calendar-almanac keeps the Chinese family in Southeast Asia happy, enlightened, and guided during the year. Without it, life for millions of such Chinese would seem rudderless, uneasy, and almost devoid of daily significance.

FORTUNE-TELLING, in one form or another, is part of the fabric of life in all Asian countries. At the Madras airport, I purchased a recent number of a monthly astrology bulletin, printed in English, that customarily sells out within a few days of publication. My issue tackled the significance of the Belgrade Conference of 1961, predicting, from the stars' conjunction at the moment of the conference and from the horoscopes of Tito, Sukarno, Nehru, and other neutral eminences, the possible results of the meeting. Later, an Indian astrologer in Calcutta told me that his astrological college, which gives B.A. (Bachelor in Astronomy) degrees after a three-year course, is considering adding to its own periodical a chapter dealing with the effect of future nuclear explosions on the planets—and consequently on our destinies. The college, he told me, is financed by the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce and influential members of the Rotary Club, and is regularly consulted by both bodies. At Tanjore, also in India, there is a library whose "books" are slips of bamboo or palm leaf on which horoscopes are written. There are about fifty thousand of them, and they are said to include all the possible horoscopes of the entire human race. For a fee, one can consult one's appropriate destiny there. In Nepal, in Singapore, and elsewhere, fortune-tellers, and even some prudent private individuals, keep divining birds—Java sparrows or orioles, usually—which tell fortunes by pecking at a numbered chart.

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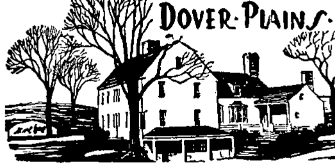

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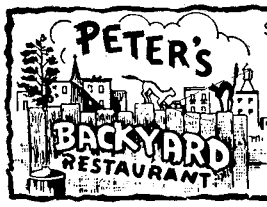

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The popularity of fortune-telling derives, of course, from man's nervous need to find and believe in some pattern that will connect the haphazard present and the unknown future with the serenity and order of the past. Adherents of the practice can discover, with the assistance of a professional, significance in *all* apparently meaningless contemporary events. Indeed, it sometimes appears that true believers have a perverse fondness for searching out guideposts to good luck in the unluckiest and most accidental happenings. Whenever there is an automobile crash—a non-fatal crash, that is—in Singapore (and there are plenty of them every day), thousands of residents instantly seek to learn the license number of the car (or cars) involved, and then employ it as a guide in selecting a four-digit number to bet on in the illegal but flourishing local numbers racket. The "logic" behind this is the belief that the survivors of the wreck have been protected from death by pure luck and that the license number (there are four digits on Singapore plates) must therefore be benevolent. Merely submitting the license number as the number in the next day's drawing is considered useless. Instead, the number is jotted down and then handed to a fortune-teller, who, by combining it first with the hour and the day of the accident, and then with the month and the year, will come up with three "correct" lucky digits. The fourth digit must be selected by the bettor himself, and the soothsayer never specifies the correct order of the three digits he provides—a form of restraint that leaves the burden of choice and the ultimate risk with the client.

This attribution of meaning to commonplace but inexplicable sights, sounds, and events is merely a contemporary urban adaptation of old rural soothsaying practices. In Malaya, *bomohs*, or magicians, light fires with certain woods, cast herbs on the flames, and then read omens in the smoke. *Bomohs* also interpret the calls of birds. The spells and incantations that accompany their ceremonies are partly derived from the ancient rituals of animism, but since all Malays are Moslems, the *bomohs* always conclude their incantations with an invocation to Allah and a quotation from the Koran. Entranced fortune-telling is common in both Malaya and Singapore, at shrines that honor the "heavenly monkey." All over India, the monkey god, Hanuman, is worshipped as a hero of the Ramayana epic, but he is also known and revered under other names and with other accompanying legends in Thailand and Cambodia,

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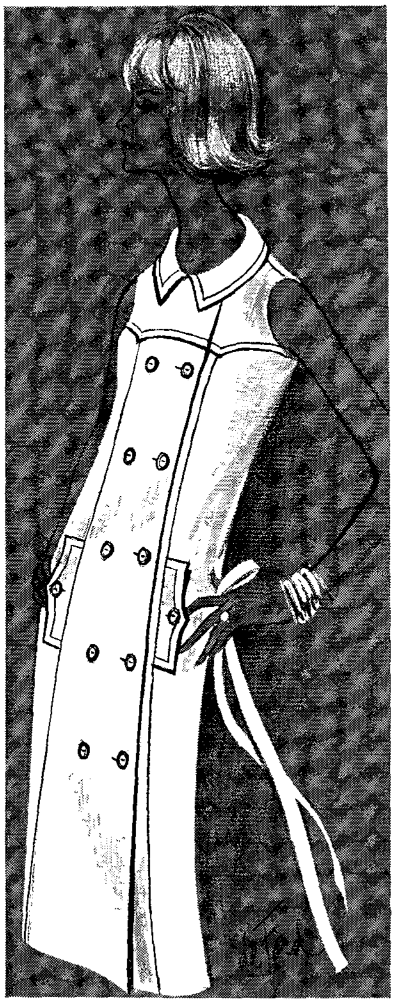

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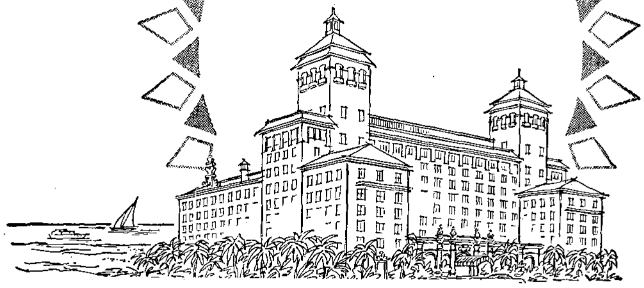

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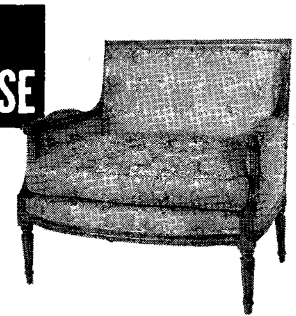

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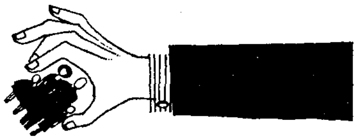

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serendipity 3

in Indonesia and Malaya and Singapore, and in southern China. In China, he is remembered as a pious but undeified monkey who accompanied the Chinese monk Hsuan Tsang on the journey he made to India in the eighth century A.D. to find and bring back the holy scriptures of Buddha. In Singapore, there are monkey-god shrines at many street corners, where, on festival days, one may see a young man or a young woman in a crowd of devotees suddenly fall into a trance and slash his tongue and arms and legs with a knife. In theory, at least, this seizure by the spirit of the monkey god may strike anyone at the shrine, but in practice these victims are usually semi-professionals—relatives or employees of the keepers of the shrine, who are also fortune-tellers. When the entranced person begins to mumble and foam at the mouth, he is asked questions about the future by the devotees, and his replies, in mumbled gibberish, are interpreted by the keeper, who is then rewarded with a donation.

One may consult fate at almost all temples in Southeast Asia. Bamboo vases holding thin bamboo sticks stand on the offering table in front of the altar. (The deity is either Kuan Yin, the Compassionate Mother, or San Pao Kung, a deified Grand Admiral of China who visited Southeast Asia between 1398 and 1414 A.D.) The client seizes one of the vases and shakes it until a stick falls out. If more than one falls, he has to start over again. When one stick has fallen, it is picked up, and then the client consults the divining blocks. These are two kidney-shaped pieces of wood, with one surface flat and one rounded; they are thrown to the floor, just like dice. If the two blocks land with the same surface up—whether flat or round—it means that the stick has been wrongly chosen. When one block lands flat side up and the other round side up, the throw indicates that the right stick has been chosen, and the stick is handed to the temple-keeper. Each stick has two characters near the top, and these enable the temple-keeper to select a corresponding slip of paper, on which the fortune is printed, from a large file kept in multitudinous pigeonholes in a desk. One such fortune I saw belonged to a prominent English businessman, who had recently acquired it at a temple in Malacca. He had been in the tropics for several years and had developed the habit of "consulting." He told me that though he had started the practice as a joke, it had become, if not entirely serious, at least something he could not do without. The oracle he showed me

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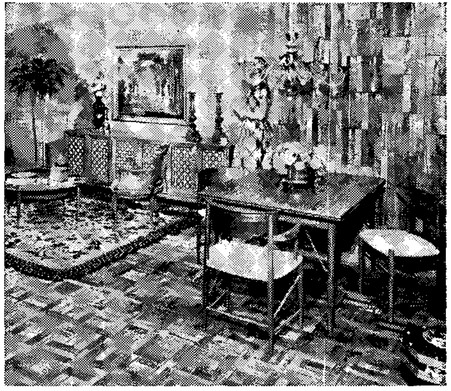

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read, "Your enterprise will cost a lot of money, and at first results will be gloomy, but persistence and foresight will win the day." On this advice, the Englishman closed a three-million-dollar contract that very night.

Since Asian fortune-tellers are heavily involved in the business world, it is not surprising that some of them make a lot of money from their profession. A very wealthy Hong Kong astrologer, whom I shall call Dr. Ho, has a doctoral degree in psychology from an American university. He is extremely popular, and one must book an appointment with him weeks in advance. His fee is forty-eight Hong Kong dollars (eight dollars in American currency) for a full horoscope, which is moderate enough, since an average consultation lasts for half an hour and equips the client with a full interpretation of his past, advice about his present activities, and predictions for his future. Dr. Ho travels widely and frequently; not long ago he flew to the Philippines to help some businessmen who were preparing to provide financial backing for certain candidates in a pending election campaign. Such a businesslike, contemporary errand is entirely in keeping with the attitude of most Asians toward fortune-telling. Dr. Ho is proud of his profession, and believes it to be far more efficient and scientific than psychoanalysis. "The man who feels a part of the universe is a much happier being," he says. Like other conservative, enlightened astrologers in Asia, Dr. Ho sees no conflict between his ancient, complex art and the more recent miracles and discoveries of modern science. The Van Allen belt of electrically charged particles, the cracking of the atom, man-made satellites, the electronic brain, new knowledge of outer space—these merely add confirming detail to the significance of astrology, which, its Asian proponents point out, was the outcome of man's first effort to understand his cosmos. Astrologers and all their fellow guild members—mole-removers, physiognomists, bone-feelers, *bomohs*, trance-speakers, soothsayers—are prospering and will go on prospering. The hankering after significance, the feeling that the stars *must* talk, our stubborn insistence that the sky is not indifferent, silent, and supremely unconscious of the human being remain tenacious in the heart of man.

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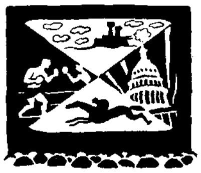

SINCE "The Victors" arrives at the very end of the year, I'm able in good faith to pronounce it the most disappointing movie of 1963. Written, produced, and directed by Carl Foreman, who was responsible for the high-spirited, Hentyesque nonsense that went by the name of "The Guns of Navarone," "The Victors" is like its predecessor in reducing real life to nonsense, but in place of high spirits we get solemnity, and in place of Henty, Tolstoy. Having taken the Second World War as his subject and all Europe as his setting, and having assumed an apocalyptic stance over both, Mr. Foreman is determined to hammer home to us, repeatedly and at the top of his voice, the dreadful Truth about the nature of Man and War. Mr. Foreman is plainly an energetic producer and director, for the picture is long, technically suave, and has a cast of hundreds, and merely to keep the work schedules, the daily expenses, and the actors under some semblance of control must have been no easy task, but when it comes to writing, rude energy is not enough. Mr. Foreman's screenplay exhibits notions about man and war that are—well, perhaps I go too far in my irritation with his belated innocence and disillusion when I call them nonsense, but since they are so conventional and so widely endorsed by everyone above the age of twelve, his evident satisfaction in revealing them to us becomes an occasion first for incredulity and then for suppressed laughter. Watching "The Victors," I was reminded of the bitter exaltation with which the ameliorists of my schoolboy days would hector me with their discovery that in war there are no victors and that evil practices invariably tend to corrupt their practitioners. This is very nearly word for word the text on which Mr. Foreman is preaching, which is to say that here is a movie that brings us, on an enormous scale and with alarums and excursions worthy of Armageddon, no news—simply no news at all.

Sparing you most of the mawkish anecdotes that make up Mr. Foreman's diagnosis of the human condition, I'll mention only that among them we are treated to the sight of a group of G.I.s tenderly transfixed by encountering in a bombed curio shop in an abandoned city a music box on which a tiny danseuse pirouettes slowly around and around; to the sight of a virtuous G.I. refusing the favors of a lonely, ardent young mother, to whose infant he brings gifts of food; to the sight of a G.I. who adopts a dishevelled puppy and is thoroughly undone when his brutal companions, mocking his sensitivity, shoot the puppy dead; to the sight of a homosexual French boy attempting to pick up a couple of G.I.s for pay and gravely discomfiting them; and to the sight of a G.I. being shot as a deserter, in deep snow, under a brilliant sky, while the sound track blares a deafening "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." The sum of these corny shockers is a corny unshocker that holds our attention largely by means of its well-nigh bottomless barrelful of well-known actors, many of them in bit parts. Oh, look—there's Eli Wallach! Jeanne Moreau! George Hamilton! Melina Mercouri! Romy Schneider! Peter Fonda! George Peppard! Albert Finney! (About five minutes of him.) Of these, the best by far are Eli Wallach and George Peppard, and the worst are Peter Fonda and George Hamilton.

HAVING awarded the 1963 palm for disappointment to "The Victors," let me bestow the palm for the phoniest picture of the year on a French import, "Love on a Pillow," starring Brigitte Bardot and written and directed by her ex-husband, Roger Vadim. Beautiful and rich and wellborn, our heroine rescues a bum from the brink of suicide and is all too soon in bed with him, thus putting in jeopardy her looks, her fortune, and even her good breeding. For the man is a born loser, who lies about all day in an alcoholic stupor, reading the first pages of detective novels and whining that life is without meaning and love an impossibility. Poor Brigitte, sexually awakened for the first time, does whatever this witless lout commands; humiliation follows humiliation, but in the end the lout is beaten to his knees by her invincible lovingness and sobbingly throws in the sponge and pleads to be her captive. There's always something odd and unpleasant about Mr. Vadim's movies—a touch of necrophilia, perhaps, especially in his manipulation of color and women's naked bodies?—and I wish that B.B., forgetting auld lang syne, would keep away from them.

—BRENDAN GILL

If you don't like music science history drama satire sports and news

don't watch television in January

The Wizard of Oz and *Lucia di Lammermoor,* scientists at work and athletes at play, critical analysis and irreverent spoof. Television in the new year offers still more for the growing diversity of tastes and interests that is America. Consider the listings below. The scope is broad. The choice is yours.

Some Programs of Special Interest

Years of Crisis
Correspondents analyze current issues.
Wednesday, January 1 (7:30-8.30 PM)

Victor Borge at Carnegie Hall
Guests: Leonid Hambro, piano, and Sergio Franchi, tenor.
Thursday, January 2 (9-10 PM)

The Good Old Days
Panorama of U.S. life a century ago.
Sundays, January 5 & 12 (12:30-1 PM)

Orient Express
Documentary on the Paris-Istanbul train renowned in fact and fiction.
Tuesday, January 7 (10-11 PM)

That Was The Week That Was
Satirical review of current events.
Fridays, beginning January 10 (9:30-10 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1776
A turning point in the struggle for political democracy.
Sunday, January 12 (1-2 PM)

Bird's-Eye View of America
Helicopter survey of man-made change.
Sunday, January 12 (4-5 PM)

Science All-Stars
Science award projects by young people.
Sundays, beginning January 12 (4:30-5 PM)

Tomorrow Was Yesterday
Major scientific advances since World War II.
Wednesday, January 15 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Rodger Young
Dramatized biography of a war hero.
Friday, January 17 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lucia di Lammermoor (in English)
Donizetti's tragic opera, from the novel by Sir Walter Scott. A new production.
Sunday, January 19 (2-4 PM)

The Art of Collecting
Aline Saarinen conducts a "tour" of art treasures from private collections.
Sunday, January 19 (10-11 PM)

The Restless Sea
A Walt Disney production on oceanography in the Bell System Science series.
Friday, January 24 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Judy Garland in the children's classic.
Sunday, January 26 (6-8 PM)

IX Winter Olympics,
From Innsbruck, Austria.
January 29-30-31 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/Discovery '64/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/One of a Kind/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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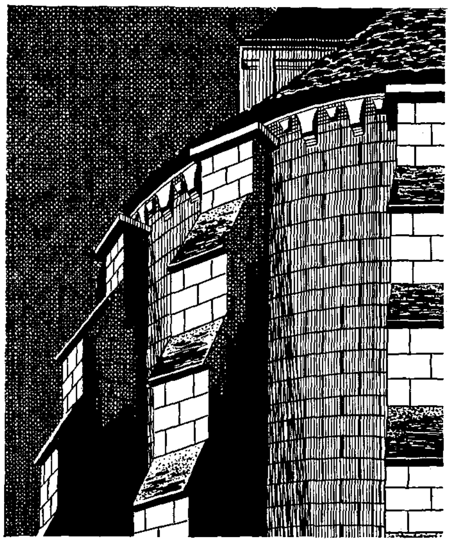

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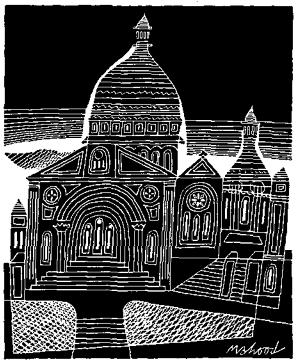
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 18

THE Christmas spirit has been stretched to the breaking point at the Théâtre Athénée since the opening there last week of Rolf Hochhut's translated play "Le Vicaire," with its theme of the silence of Pope Pius XII concerning the Nazi extermination of the Jews during the war. Nightly, there have been riots by a small, intransigent part of the audience, which has tossed pro-Pope pamphlets, thrown stench bombs, shouted insults, blown whistles, and leaped from the balcony boxes onto the stage to threaten the actors and wrestle with the police until ejected. The play was first presented early this year in West Berlin's Freie Volksbühne by the famous old director Erwin Piscator, ally of Brecht, and it caused an uproar of protests. In Basel, it was rotten-egged; at Stockholm's Kungliga Dramatiska Teatern it stirred up dissension; and only in London's Royal Shakespeare Theatre was it abnormally received, with British calm. In 1964, it is scheduled to be played in Frankfurt, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Hannover, Bern, Vienna, The Hague, Helsinki, Oslo, Milan, Tel Aviv, and New York. In Europe generally, it is considered (except by a turbulent minority) the outstanding burning, controversial drama of conscience of the retrospective postwar years, brought into acute focus by public interest in the Vatican Council and the personalities of the last three Popes, especially the universally loved, liberal John XXIII.



As given here, "The Vicar" is an astonishing, impressive, highly stylized drama, acted with a kind of brilliant, aggressive clarity under the direction of the bilingual Peter Brook, of London. The actors (there are no women) all wear blue cotton suits, over which, when identification is needed, are slipped the cardinal's scarlet coat, the priest's soutane, the Nazi officer's swastika armband, and so on. In its published French version, it would take seven hours to play, with its dozens of scenes and characters; these have been reduced for the Athénée stage to three and a half hours of playing time, and merely thirty characters, played by a dozen actors, who also double as narrators. They give the audience condensed information on the passage of events or on the individuals who furnish the play with its overwhelming sense of reality—on the infamous Doctor Hirt, of Act I, for instance, who was interested in dissecting living Jewish brains; on Eichmann, too; and on the anti-Hitler S.S. officer Kurt Gerstein, who later died in a French prison, and whose name is engraved on the Paris Jewish community's monument to those who worked against the Nazis. The play's conversations and statements were reportedly based by Hochhut largely on documents taken from the Wehrmacht and the Nuremberg court archives. Indeed, the only truly fictional character in the play is the tragic hero, a young Italian priest called Riccardo (well presented by the slim, ascetic-faced French actor Antoine Bourseiller), attached to the office of the Papal Nuncio in Berlin, where, in 1942, Gerstein tells him in awful detail of the then little-known horrors of the gas chambers, urging him through his high connections to reach and inform the Pope. It is naturally the next crucial scene, with an actor in white playing Pius XII, that nightly brings forth the shouts of "*Infâme!*" "*Ignoble!*" "*Blasphème!*" To Riccardo's impassioned plea that His Holiness denounce before the whole Christian world Hitler's abominable, murderous "final solution" of the Jewish question, the Pope, more political than metaphysical, voices the views that Pius XII was reported by neutral ambassadors to Rome to have held at that time, as did other conservative Europeans—that the Reich was the West's bulwark against the Communist East—enjoining only prayers for the persecuted, and again silence. In the final scene, the young priest is at Auschwitz, waiting to be sent to the gas chamber. It is he who is "the vicar" in the strict meaning of the word—"the substitute in office" for the Pope as the true Vicar of Christ. The play is dedicated to two German priests who perished at Auschwitz, one of them the famous elderly Canon Bernhard Lichtenberg, of Berlin's St. Hedwig's Church, who had persisted in praying there for the Jews in concentration camps.

It may be recalled that in June of this year the then Cardinal Montini, just before his election to the papacy, wrote a

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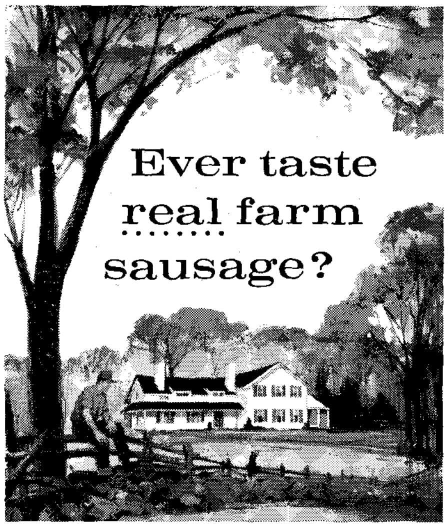

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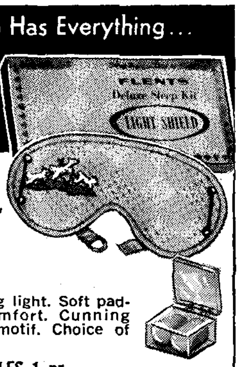

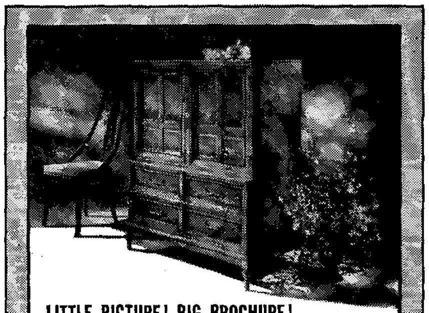

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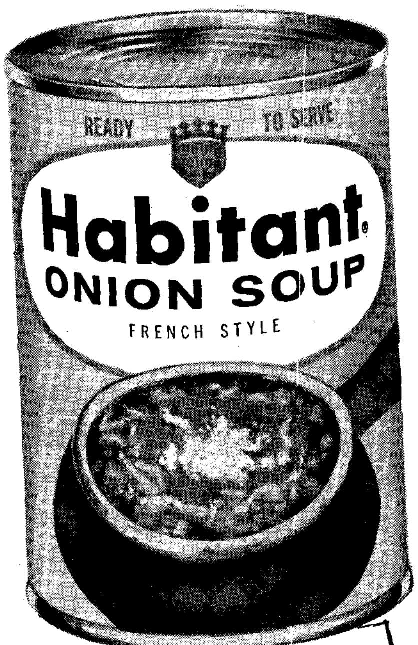
letter to the leading English Roman Catholic magazine, the *Tablet*, about "The Vicar," which had just been produced in London. In it, he stated in part and in defense of that previous Pope, whom he had devotedly served for twenty years, that " 'The Vicar' reveals insufficient psychological, political, and historical penetration," adding, "The figure of Pius XII, as Hochhut presents him, is false. Let us suppose that Pius XII had done what Hochhut blames him for not doing. His action would have led to such reprisals and devastations . . . unleashing on the already tormented world still greater calamities." To this, the powerful German weekly *Der Spiegel* retorted, "It is merely hypothetical that a protest by the Pope would have activated serious reprisals." In Paris, where the Montini letter was also made public, liberal Catholic circles considered it disappointing.

Hochhut, recently visiting Paris, has declared to theatre people here that his play is concerned not merely with the fallibility (in Hochhut's opinion) of Pope Pius but with the silence during the war of world leaders of all faiths and politics, and thus, in a way, with the silence of all of us—a silence that puzzled Hochhut himself, he says, as a German provincial Protestant boy who was fourteen when Hitler died. He spent three years writing and documenting his theatre piece, which is his first.

A USEFUL raid on the past has brought to sight in the Galerie Mollien of the Louvre a fine big retrospective centenary exhibition of enchanting paintings by the Pointillist Paul Signac—the only honor in the hundred years that the Louvre has offered him, and none too soon. Of all the moderns who began being modern around 1885, he had the easiest time. Born of a well-to-do bourgeois family (but himself an anarchist and freethinker) and president of the powerful Société des Indépendants from 1908 to 1934, he was able to promote the art of his friends, like Bonnard and Vuillard; to advise van Gogh to lessen the intensity of his brilliant colors (which he did not do); and to encourage Matisse to intensify his (which he was doing anyhow, as a Fauve). Having started his own career by copying Monet and then becoming the disciple of Seurat, who died very young, Signac carried on the Pointillist style in his Neo-Impressionism with brilliant verve throughout his long, vigorous career. His paintings in the Louvre exhibition still shimmer and glow in their



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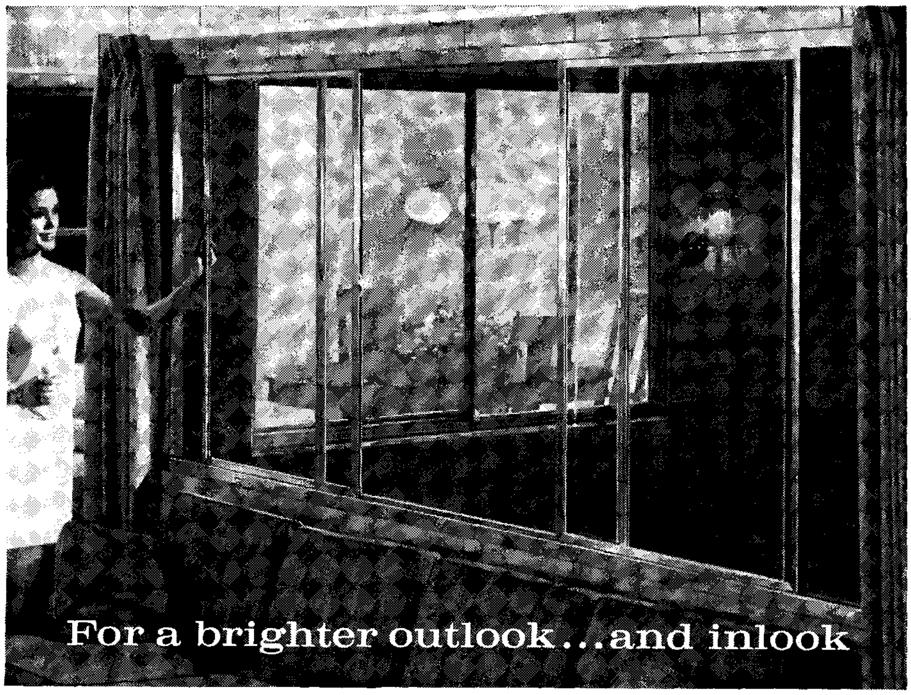
beach and sea scenes, still display the diaphanous purity of water-washed air in "The Port of Collioure," "The Cape of Cassis," and "Breeze at Concarneau," with its fleet of tilting fishing boats with purple sails, and also in "The Yellow Sailboat," like a yellow-winged shallop, and in his exquisite Golden Horn paintings of Constantinople, as it was called in his day. He was testy-tempered as well as kind, and his friends said that he looked like the bearded captain of a sardine-fishing schooner. Actually, he was a noted yachtsman, who had owned thirty-two boats by the end of his long residence at Saint-Tropez, of which he was the so-called discoverer back in 1892. His big, luxurious house with garden, which he constructed on the Saint-Tropez hill, overlooking the port, is still used as a summer residence by his family. As a family, its ramifications were curious. His wife was related to the painter Pissarro. His daughter Ginette, in her first marriage, was the wife of Marcel Cachin, historically France's most famous Communist, since almost singlehanded he founded the French Communist Party. Sent as a Marxist Socialist to Moscow after the Russian Revolution to promote union between the Russian and French Marxist parties, he returned to Paris non-Socialist and passionately pro-Communist. At the ensuing famous congress in Tours in 1920, he founded Le Parti Communiste Français by persuasion, taking most of the Socialists with him into it, and leaving behind as Socialist leader a politically unknown young literary character named Léon Blum. Signac's granddaughter Françoise Cachin, who is merely a liberal politically, is a brilliant Sorbonne graduate in art history and is writing a *catalogue raisonné* of Signac's complete works. Of these, the Louvre belatedly purchased its first two canvases only in 1957, to hang eventually in the Orangerie—nor are they among his best, though they are the only Signacs today owned by the French state. Françoise Cachin says that the best Signacs in the greatest number are to be seen in the United States.

Another art surprise from the past has been the exhibition of the splendid portraits of our Indians and the landscapes of our early Western plains by the American painter George Catlin, which were first seen in Paris in 1844. To great approbation from the French, they have been showing for two months at the American Cultural Center, in the Rue du Dragon. When Catlin opened his Indian Gallery here, dramatized by the presence of some braves of the Ioway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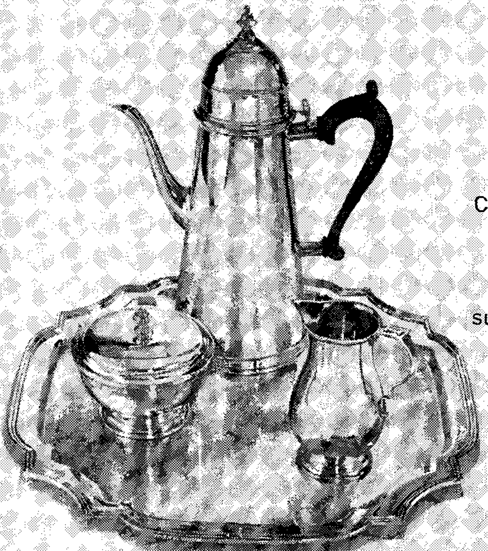

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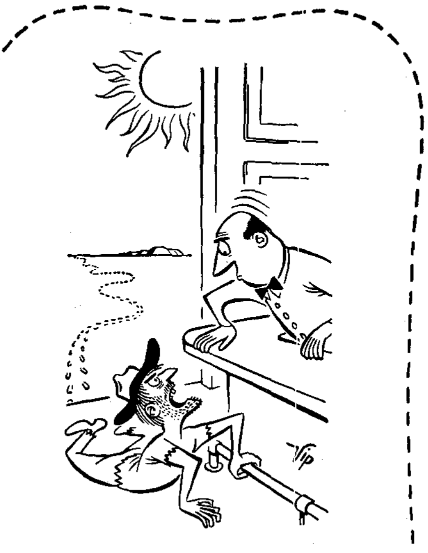
tribe, who danced and shot off their bows and arrows as part of the entertainment, he and they and his significant, bold, unsentimental art, feebly appreciated back home, were lionized by Parisians. It was still the heyday of the noble savage. The Paris Salon of 1846 featured as a novelty a pair of Catlin's most vivid portraits, the favorite being that of the Blackfoot chief Grease-of-the-Buffalo's-Back, a magnificent male shown with scalp lock and porcupine-quill necklace, who so aroused the enthusiasm of the susceptible novelist George Sand that she described him as Homeric—a description with which the artist Delacroix, who made sketches of Catlin's Indian troupe, agreed. This dominant portrait has been particularly appreciated in the present exhibition as having been lent from the White House by President and Mrs. Kennedy. The other 1846 Salon astonishment was the portrait of the more amiable-looking chief Little Wolf, of the Ioway group, who was in Paris in person and was presented in the Louvre to His Majesty King Louis-Philippe and the royal family. But it was Baudelaire who immortalized "these two heroes" of Catlin's portraiture in his art notes on the Salon, comparing them to antique sculpture, and also comparing Catlin's use of color "as a force of expression" to Veronese's. Catlin's use of red, Baudelaire wrote, "is intoxicating," and he wrote also of "the singing, eternal green, the light and transparency" of the painter's scenes depicting our empty plains. In that romantic period of French sensibility to the heroic and exotic, the painter's long life of hardship, danger, and talent, of poor rewards and disappointments, found high appreciation in Paris. He was unable to fulfill his dream of selling his pictures as a collection to the United States government, and they finally drifted into the Smithsonian Institution, from which most of this Paris exhibition was borrowed.

As of the new year, the Rue du Dragon cultural center will remain alone in its function in all France, the four other centers, in Tours, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, and Marseille, having lately been reorganized—a euphemism for being closed down for lack of funds from Washington. For the world's richest country not to have felt able to afford this quartet as propaganda and intelligence centers seems to the American colony here a stupid economy at the expense of our national culture, which these centers disseminated. According to certain State Department officials, the postwar centers were set up with a dou-



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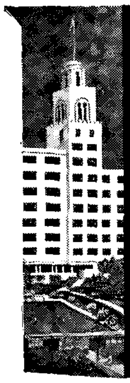

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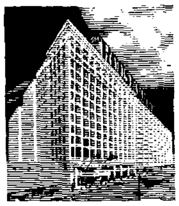

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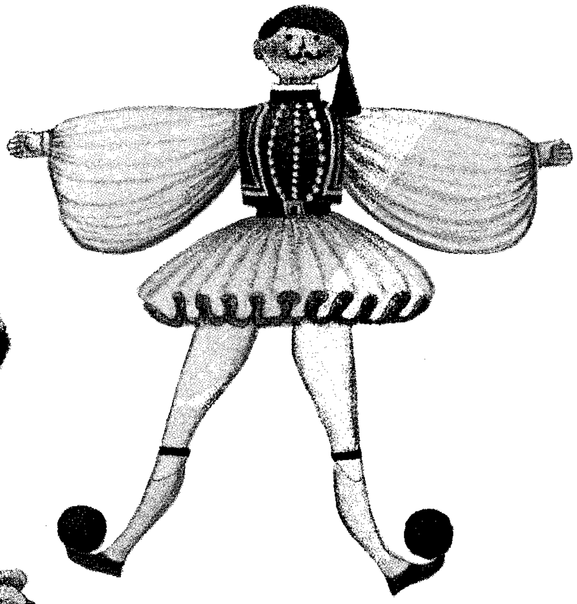

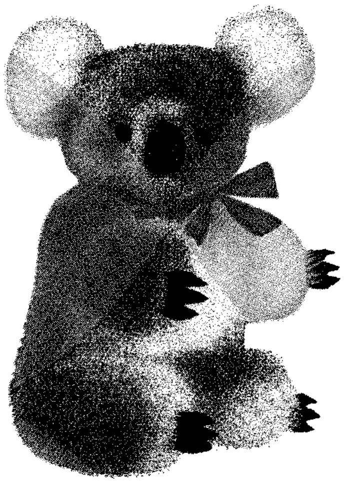

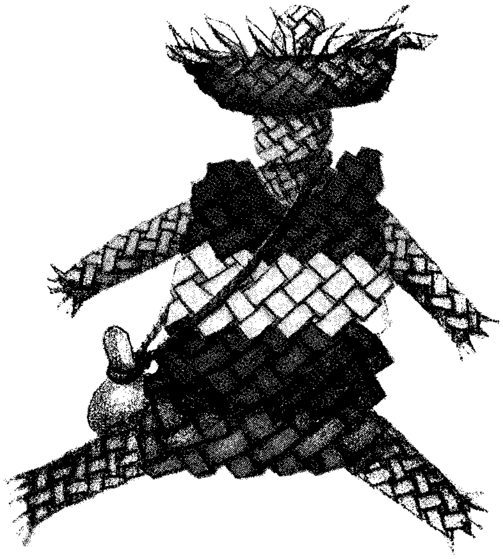

Among the things
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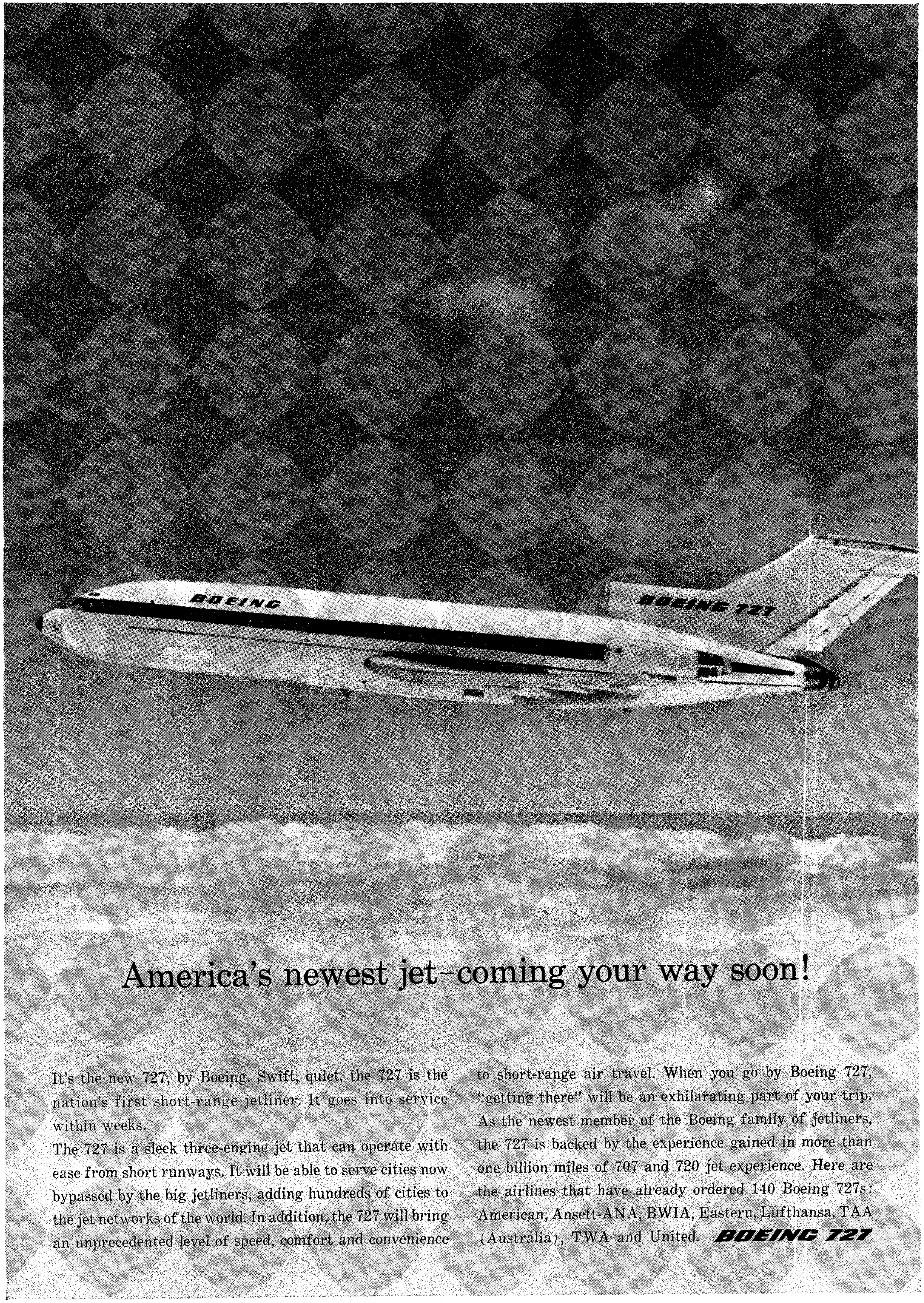
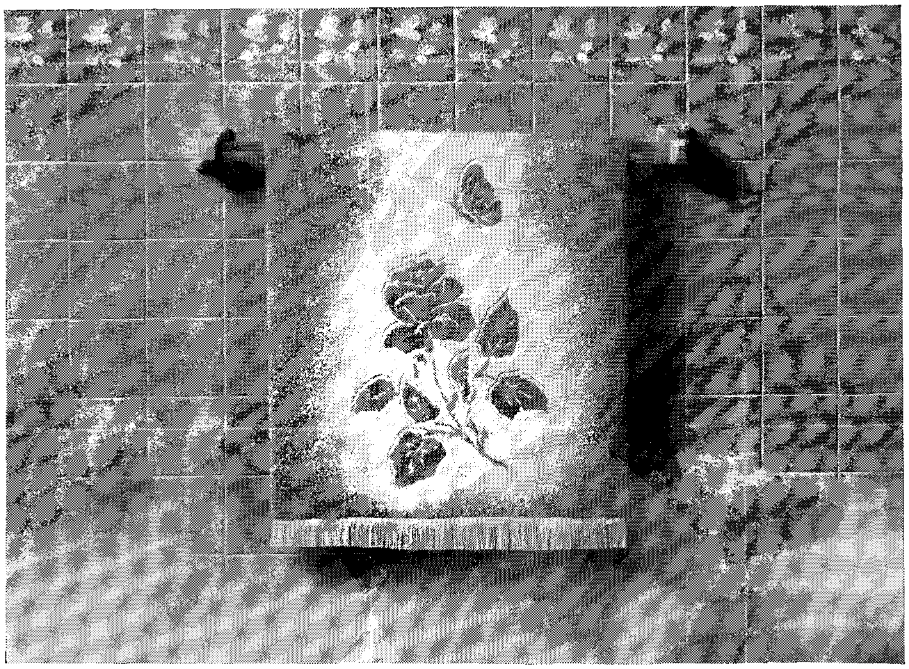


America's newest jet–coming your way soon!

It's the new 727, by Boeing. Swift, quiet, the 727 is the nation's first short-range jetliner. It goes into service within weeks.

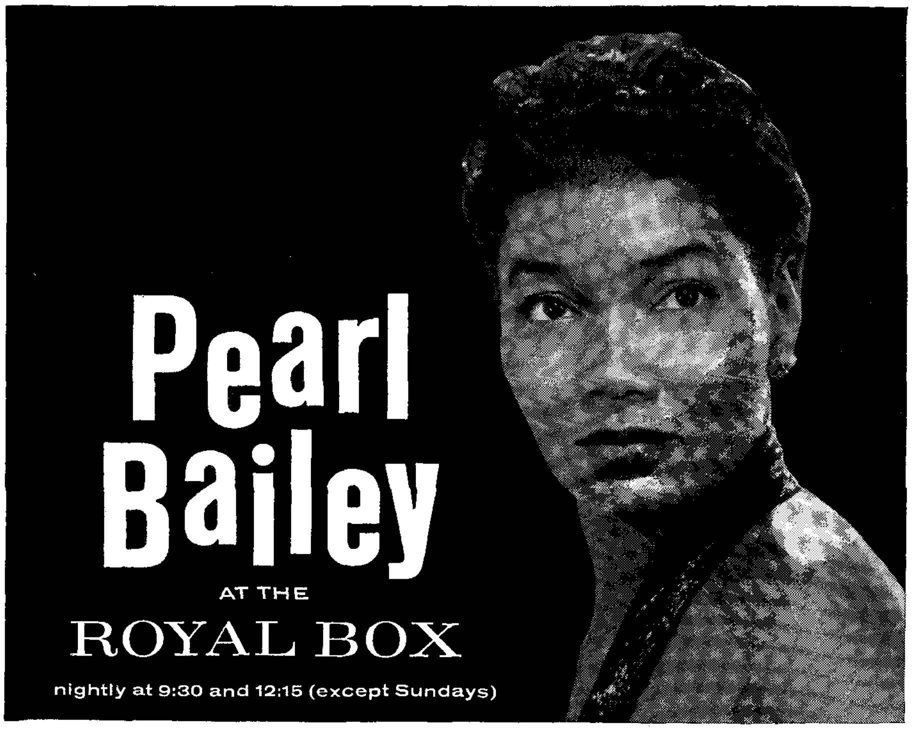
The 727 is a sleek three-engine jet that can operate with ease from short runways. It will be able to serve cities now bypassed by the big jetliners, adding hundreds of cities to the jet networks of the world. In addition, the 727 will bring an unprecedented level of speed, comfort and convenience to short-range air travel. When you go by Boeing 727, "getting there" will be an exhilarating part of your trip. As the newest member of the Boeing family of jetliners, the 727 is backed by the experience gained in more than one billion miles of 707 and 720 jet experience. Here are the airlines that have already ordered 140 Boeing 727s: American, Ansett-ANA, BWIA, Eastern, Lufthansa, TAA (Australia), TWA and United. **BOEING 727** ble purpose, the first being to show Europeans that we really did have some culture, which was supposed to give our foreign policy a higher rating in European eyes, and the second being to expand awareness of our culture by art shows, lectures on American literature, and free entry into the incomparably useful American libraries attached. It is hoped, though not sure, that the libraries will now be handed over to the local cities' universities. Even so, four small beams of American light in the French provinces have just been extinguished.

THE prize works of new fiction voted at this year's end by the juries of the Goncourt, the Fémina, the Théophraste Renaudot, the Medicis, and the Interallié were, on the whole, not much. As a frank, intelligent lady member of one prize-giving jury said, "Our choice was a mediocre book"—apparently the best available that the jurors could find and agree on. The competitive, bicycle-race quality of the struggle among the book publishers to pluck one of these prizes for their house product is understandable, since it means vast publicity and, of course, money in the till. Not only has this commercial struggling long since disabused the public of thinking that any literary lustre surrounds these literary prizes but the prize-winning authors have too often failed to supply any real literature for the readers. Thus, the famed book prizes have become a rather tarnished yearly occurrence. The present unenviable standing of the Goncourt Prize was underlined this November, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Goncourt Prize winner Marcel Proust's first great volume, "Du Coté de chez Swann," by the house of Bernard Grasset in 1913—on November 7th, or November 13th, or even November 22nd, according to whichever Proust authority one happens to read. The manuscript of this first Proust volume had earlier been refused by the publisher Ollendorf, whose reader sent it back to Proust with the comment (usually ascribed to Gide as the reader at Gallimard) "I do not understand how any man can employ thirty pages to describe how he turns and turns again in his bed before he can go to sleep." The critic Paul Souday of *Le Temps*, then the leading high-class journal of all France, took a similar view: "Does M. Proust embrace in his large projected work the history of humanity? Or at least of his century? Not at all. He recounts the recollections of his childhood. Was it filled by extraordinary events? In no way. His promenades during holi-



Next to a warm bath,
a "Misty Rose" by Callaway

Make your next warm bath even more luxurious. Step out of it and wrap yourself in the softness and beauty of a Misty Rose. It's a new towel by Callaway—fine cottons expertly loomed into a stunning pattern of roses, butterflies and gathering mist. Available in many of your favorite decorator colors. And you'll be pleased with the reasonable price. See Misty Rose at Macy's, California and other fine stores. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Georgia.



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Directed by TONY RICHARDSON
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CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN in
LIONEL BART'S
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A NEW MUSICAL
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"A MUSICAL DELIGHT!" –Nadel, N. Y. Wld. Tel.
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ONE HUNDRED AND TEN IN THE SHADE
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BROADHURST, 225 W. 44 St., N.Y. Cir 6-6699

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JOEL GREY in
STOP THE WORLD—
I WANT TO GET OFF
with JOAN EASTMAN
A New Style Musical
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AMBASSADOR, W. 49 St., N.Y. CO 5-1855

"GENUINE MERRIMENT, BRILLIANT. I BEG YOU NOT TO OVERLOOK IT!" —Kerr, N.Y. Her. Trib.
THE REHEARSAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mat.: $5.40 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.
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ENTER LAUGHING
"You'll exit roaring!"–Time
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"HILARIOUS!" —THE NEW YORKER
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days, his games in the Champs Elysées constitute the basis of his account"—as indeed they did, owing to the empire of memories he established through his prose. Six years later, in 1919, Proust was awarded the Prix Goncourt, and brought to it its first and last supreme honor of connection with pure genius—the French genius of the century.

STANDING a few days ago beside the Elysée Palace Christmas tree at the traditional party given for two hundred bright little boys and girls chosen from the French public schools, President de Gaulle said, "All together, let us wish a very good new year to France, because she has well deserved it." Unreservedly, we wish to all, everywhere, *une très, très bonne année.* —GENÊT

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Guntersville (Ala.) Advertiser-Gleam*]

Five Point HD Club met at the farm home of Mrs. R. L. Meharg with 20 present.

Babs Burgess held the flag as the group pledged allegiance to the flag.

Mrs. Alton Godwin gave the history of "Rock-Of-Ages," the hymn for the month, after which one verse was sung by the group.

Mrs. John H. McCutchens was elected the club's new secretary upon request for the election by Mrs. Buford Leslie who was elected after Mrs. James Bevill resigned in the spring. Mrs. McCutchens is the third secretary in 1963.

The item of interest for the day was a homemade antique chair, a pioneer chair with an interesting history told by Mrs. Meharg.

Mrs. Bybee, sister of Mrs. Meharg was acting co-hostess in the absence of Mrs. J. L. Perry. She played a record of a speech by Tom Anderson, Editor and writer for Farm & Ranch magazine and a member of John Birch Society.

The topic of "Doing Business at the Bank" was discussed after pamphlets were handed out.

Susan Culbert drew Mrs. John H. McCutchens as winner of the white elephant, an onion chopper, furnished by Mrs. Alton Godwin.

Mrs. Buford Leslie was given a prize because she guessed the closest correct number of beans in a jar.

•

Wakefield is a 170-pound 6 footer who was given a $35,000 bonus by the Cardinals in 1961. . . . His minor league record is undistinguished, but Met scouts reported favorably on his potential and the Cards thought enough of him to protect him from the forthcoming draft by putting him on their rooster.—*The Times, Western Edition.*

Whom they couldn't think less of, apparently.

The story only Moss Hart could tell of his love affair with Broadway.

ACT ONE

Written, produced and directed by DORE SCHARY, who was personally a part of this unforgettable human drama.

Warner Bros. presents a Schary Production "ACT ONE" based on the book by Moss Hart. Starring George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr., co-starring Jack Klugman, Sam Levene, Ruth Ford, Eli Wallach as Warren Stone.

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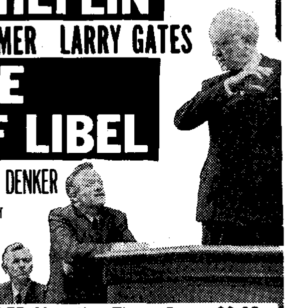
"EXCITING, STIMULATING, DRAMA."—Taubman, N.Y. Times
VAN HEFLIN
SIDNEY BLACKMER LARRY GATES
A CASE OF LIBEL



A New Play by HENRY DENKER
Based on Louis Nizer's Best-Seller
"My Life In Court"
Directed by
SAM WANAMAKER
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.50. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90, 2.50. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: $5.40, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50.
LONGACRE THEA. 220 W. 48th St., N.Y. 36

"BOLD AND BRASSY, SHARP AND SASSY, A FINE SHOW!"—Judith Crist, Her. Trib.
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SUN. 4:00 & 8:00. Closed Mon.
COCKTAILS, DINNER, SUPPER from 7:00
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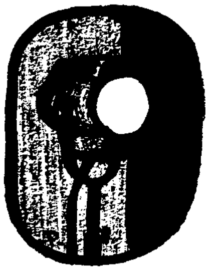
KEELY SMITH
COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCH.
Reserve for New Year's Eve
BASIN STREET East
137 East 48th St. • PL 2-4444

THE AIR

Views of a Death



ON November 22nd, when John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot in the back of the head, he experienced, in the agonizing incommunicado of sudden death, the most public private moment of his life. The objective image of that moment was seen by a thousand people who lined the route, and a few hours later, when the negatives and prints had been washed and dried, millions more had seen it on television, or at least they had seen a grainy hieroglyph representing it, but what they saw only suggested, and could never communicate, the excruciating pith of the victim's own obliterating experience. Never was the rift between privacy and publicity so wide, and perhaps part of the shock of the event resulted from the paradox of this division. The publicity was total, and what it did was to conceal, in the very instant that it exposed, the inexorable solitude of dying.

The President's death forced television into a brief maturity. Death gagged the vulgar infant, and stifled its greedy squalling for a few days. As unvarnished metaphysical austerity flowed—undisturbed, for once—through the channels, the medium itself seemed to take on grandeur. Some of the active contributions made by the television people during this period were intelligent and restrained and technically brilliant, and some were simply drab and dutiful. There were few conspicuous lapses in taste, and there were few signs of creative inspiration. The reporting, for the most part, was direct, humane, ungaudy. There was far less false eloquence than one might have expected. Mainly, there was an unprecedented majesty about the whole affair, a harsh *mesure* that came with the endless, almost inadvertent accumulation of funereal imagery. The pure accidents of repetition and duplication proved valuable. A tic was turned to splendid advantage, allowing the instrument, as the hours wore on, to illustrate every twist and conundrum of mortality. Moreover, the repetition offered a new form of mourning and provided a crash program in grief. Unaided, the mind has a deliberate tempo in this matter, for mourning is some sort of spiritual labor, a lengthy moral exertion in which the outlets to the will are blocked as the feelings are slowly and painfully withdrawn from their familiar attachments. In the normal way of things, this ritual works to a natural andante. It is gracefully hesitant and has its own proper period. Television set a new pace. The whole process was concentrated and speeded up. The assassination, the cortege, the funeral, and the eulogies recurred in what seemed an infinite series of statements and recapitulations. Every channel was taken up with the dire scene, and even the ordinarily distracting atmospherics of television helped to create a dark new aesthetic. For instance, when a local station borrowed a transmission from one of the networks, the original picture and the reproduction, although they were essentially identical, reinforced each other's psychic effect by means of their electronically determined differences. The borrowed picture was often a blurred, Pointillist version of the original, so that as one switched from channel to channel the fact of the President's death was brutally confirmed by the electronic variations on the one, inescapable theme. It was as if, in the space of a few hours, there had been accumulated all those pictorial versions of a tragic event which usually gather in albums over the years, and which, through the myriad tiny differences within the common pattern, approach some comprehensible embodiment of the long-ago fatal incident. But the mystery of such an event can never really be embodied; it can only be approximately reconstructed, or circumscribed, by drawing innumerable pictorial tangents to the mysterious curve of the occasion. Like a computer flickering through a problem that would take a mathematician years, television did a lightning calculation and completed the spiritual algebra of grief in less than four days. As a result, the whole matter seemed to have been formulated and disposed of by the time the commercials came yapping back on Tuesday.

THERE were other metaphysical vignettes during that dark weekend. The display of time's arrow, for example, and of the grinding, irreversible determinism in human affairs. Most

There is a moment—
a long moment—when everything
is risked with the proper stranger.

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STEVE McQUEEN
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Love WITH THE PROPER STRANGER
Co-starring EDIE ADAMS
WRITTEN BY ARNOLD SCHULMAN
Also co-starring HERSCHEL BERNARDI · and introducing TOM BOSLEY
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After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
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ROSELAND'S 45TH NEW YEAR'S EVE Party
HAPPY NEW YEAR 1964
CONTINUOUS DANCING
TWO BANDS
HATS • SOUVENIRS
NOISEMAKERS
$4
INCL. ALL TAX
Roseland
NO MINIMUM COVER TABLE CHARGE
FULL BAR & TABLE SERVICE
DANCE CITY
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touching of all, perhaps, were those unbearable playbacks of the events leading up to, but never quite reaching, the moment of the assassination: those happy, slightly lurching newsreel shots of the Kennedys arriving at the airport, the breakfast speech at Fort Worth—all now just innocent hindsights on the approaches to a death. It all seemed so orderly—possibly still reversible—giving way only at the last instant to the photographic topsy-turvy of tragedy.

There was also that microscopic dissection of Oswald's murder, played over and over, reduced by the slow-motion camera to the actual molecules of the murder's own onward-moving process, each molecule of incident mysteriously linked to the next as they clicked, one by one, toward the detonation. And then, just as with the President's last moment, everything flies apart—a sublime dehiscence—at the moment of death itself. Images blur; the eyes of the camera roll upward and the cement ceiling of the Dallas police station streaks past; a brim of a Stetson cuts in close to the screen; there is a dilated eye, and then blackness. An hour later, on another network, the clip is screened again: the same orderly staccato, the same upward roll of the eyes, the ceiling streaking by, the Stetson, the staring eye, blackness. And again and again, as if the camera were searching out but never quite reaching the marrow of the instant. It has been said that this was the first televised murder, but there was more to it than that, for in being so inquisitive television may have become an accomplice in the crime—may actually have joggled events in the direction they took. Perception may have contributed to the act and introduced the slippery risks of Heisenberg into the Dallas police garage. One could almost feel the lens urging Ruby out of the crowd. In fact, in the pictures, it looked as if he came out of the camera itself. In a word, television has become too effective. It gets in on too much. Like some nimble amoeba, it can poke its sensitive tendrils into the world's minutest crannies, put a vast audience in touch with the world's faintest twitch. The trouble is not so much that there will be no privacy any more as that there will be no inaccessibility. The imagination will be totally usurped.

The funeral itself, the lying in state, the catafalque, provided some forceful images of death that had vanished from modern life—for, whatever else has happened, death has been bowdlerized out of the modern text. Yet suddenly, for three days, the domestic screen was almost continuously occupied with the fearful oblong simplicity of the casket. One saw, too, the dreadful heaviness of the dead as the eight enlisted men crouched and staggered under their load. One felt that not all the weight was in the bronze but that at the moment of dying some negative quantity, like phlogiston, goes out of the body, leaving it in a state of hideous density, the better to drag on the straining hawsers that lower the coffin into the grave. —JONATHAN MILLER

• •

IN THE FACULTY BUILDING

At the end of the empty corridor
of offices, I hear the old poet's
typewriter going steadily forward.
The scholars have left their desks in the picture
windows; they have given up and gone home
in the gathering winter dark. Each man
has taken his bare trees away, locked in
his head, his bit of the scoured sky. Then, out of
the silence made by their racketing cars,
the typewriter began to climb. I, too, want
my drink and to tell only the story
of the day, but I will wait here in the sad
light for night to begin, for trees
to marry black branches to blacker
air in glittering edges of ice.

—GENE BARO

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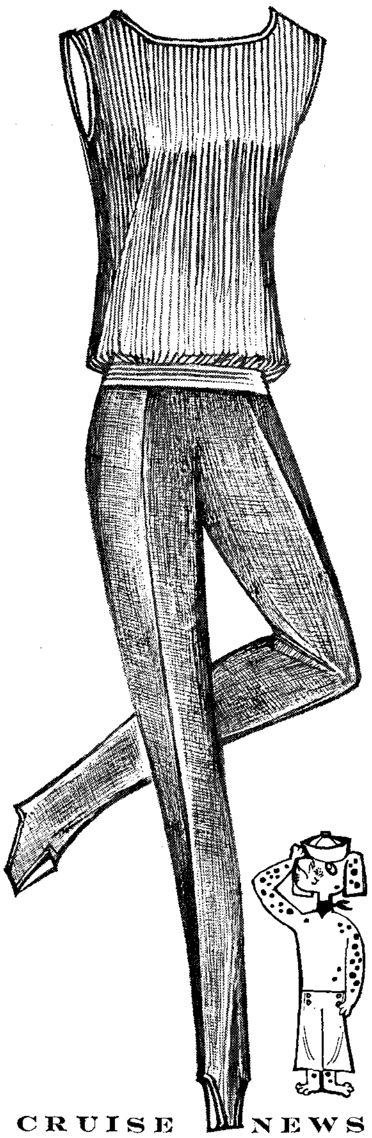

CRUISE NEWS

We salute the smartest look on board: stretch pants of tropical-weave Rajah; banlon stretch top completely pleated. By Evan-Picone in black, oatmeal, pink, or blue, 8-16, small, medium, tall; pants, $15.00; blouson (also in white), $15.00. Please add 50¢ for mail order from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York.

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THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
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Winter in Hawaii is a dream come true. And it's only a few short hours by United jet from most Mainland cities to these enchanted islands.

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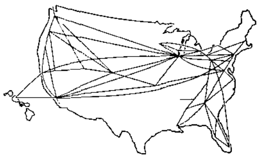
For Hawaii now . . . call your Travel Agent or United. "Mahalo" (that's Hawaiian for "thank you") from us.



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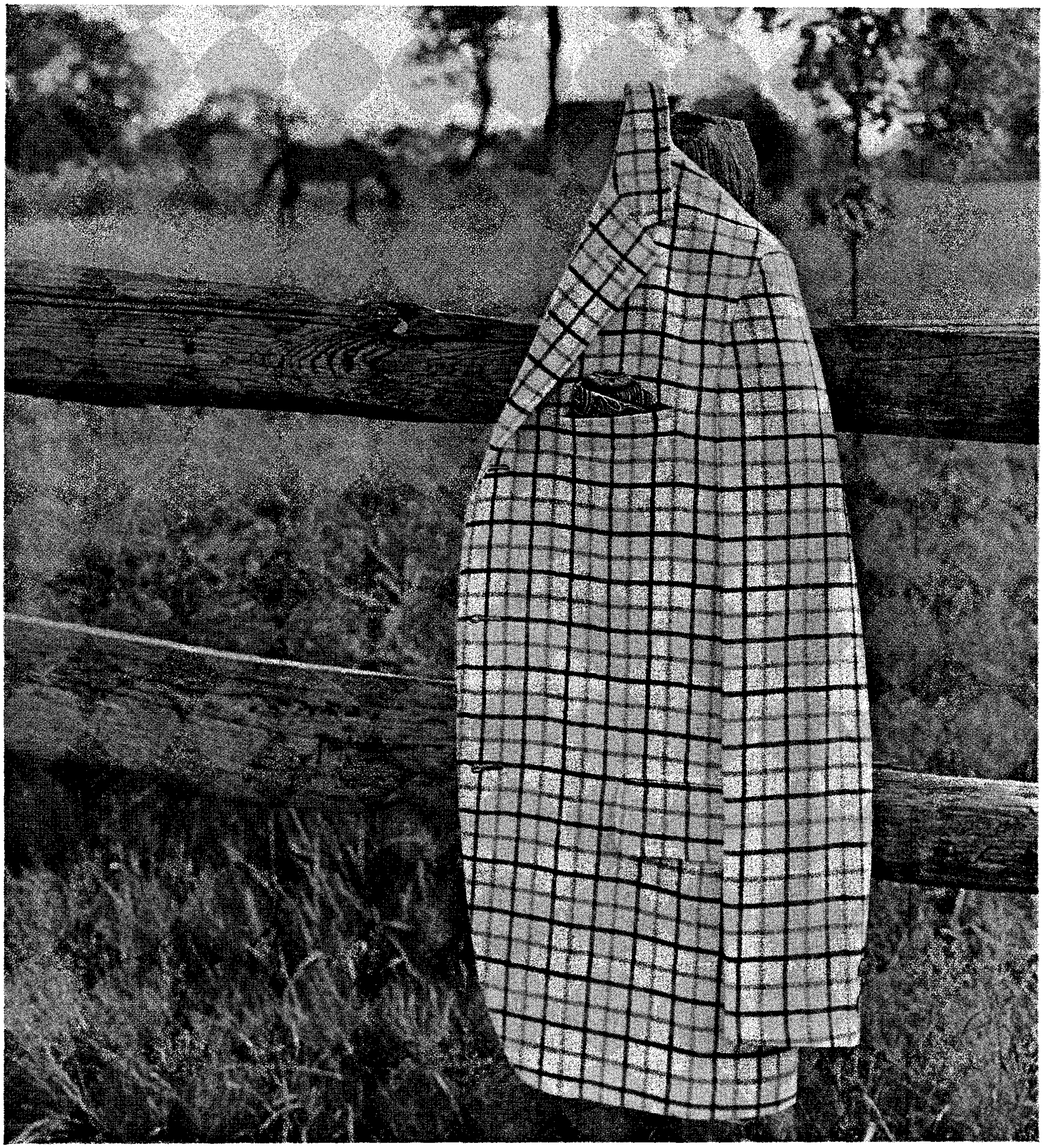

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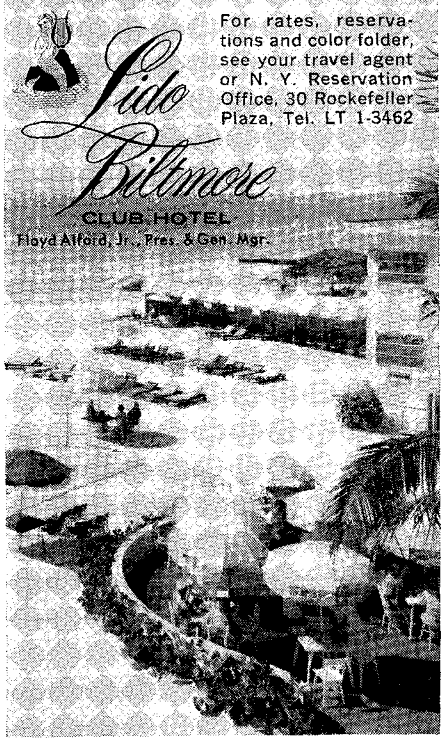

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Clincher

JOAN SUTHERLAND's first appearance at the Metropolitan as Violetta in "La Traviata" was probably as much of a revelation to a great many other listeners as it was to me. I had heard her in numerous concert performances of early-nineteenth-century operas, most of them based on fairly absurd dramas, and I had heard her in the equally absurd "La Sonnambula," which is still in the Metropolitan's repertoire. From these, I had assumed that Miss Sutherland was primarily a stand-and-deliver vocalist and an expert at certain archaic nuances of style. It is true that the Metropolitan presented her a couple of seasons ago in "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which she was enormously effective, but "Lucia," with its Mad Scene, is a rather special sort of opera, and though Miss Sutherland's capacity for conveying total derangement proved to be remarkable, I felt that I had not been able to appraise her as an actress, if, indeed, she was one. She seemed to have but a single mood, ranging from the lugubrious to the sorely beset, and though she was obviously a singer of unsurpassed coloratura gifts, there was, I thought, a certain monotony about her vocal style. There have also been whisperings lately that Miss Sutherland is a "cold" singer—whisperings such as usually emanate from Latin rivals, who assume that any singer of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic origin is "cold" by nature. Of all the accusations that might be levelled at Miss Sutherland, this seems to me the most ridiculous. Coloratura sopranos are usually cold. Lily Pons was cold and Amelita Galli-Curci was cold, if we take the word "cold" to indicate lack of expressiveness in the voice. Miss Sutherland is one of the wonders of the world precisely because she is a coloratura soprano of exceptional warmth as well as unusual power.

Her Violetta on Saturday evening, December 14th, brought her into direct competition with the great sopranos who sing the so-called standard repertoire, and she won hands down. It also offered her a role that was not only believable but extremely touching. I should say that her Violetta is the most beautifully sung and one of the best-acted that our generation has encountered. Her "Sempre libera" was of extraordi-

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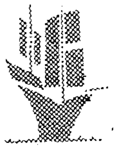

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nary brilliance, and the emotional scene leading up to it was projected with rare conviction. The letter reading in the last act was done as only a consummate actress could do it. Altogether, hers was a performance to remember.

The remainder of the production was not up to the demands of such a grand occasion, though Sándor Kónya sang some fine phrases as Alfredo. As Giorgio Germont, Mario Sereni got through his notes acceptably but again turned out to be a very ordinary baritone. Among the lesser roles, Justino Díaz's Dr. Grenvil was outstanding, and Russell Christopher made a pleasing début—if one can judge from a few notes here and there—in the bit part of the Marquis d'Obigny. George Schick conducted, on the whole, in a rather bandmasterish fashion.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Now what do you do with your new found time? How do you use it in your quest for adult conversation and some cultural nourishment? Without spending much money, that is.

In the typical town, you can converse without appointment with an assortment of personalities. At the post office, start a conversation about stamp collections, the most-wanted list always posted there, or about announcements for civil service jobs.

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Go to the local gas station and tell the man the engine doesn't sound right to you. It won't cost you a cent to have him talk over your engine's ailment—if he can find it.

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—*St. Augustine* (*Fla.*) *Record.*

And chewing on those brittle nails.

•

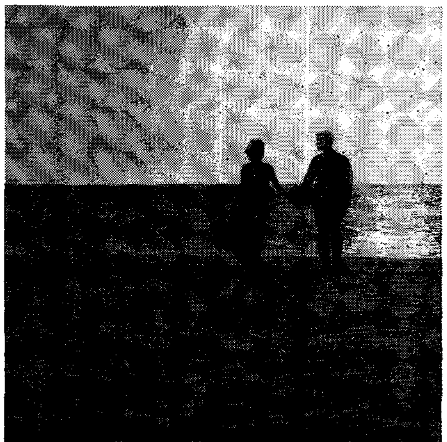
In the light of the preponderance of favorable economic data and expressed informed opinion regarding the outlook, the retention and purchase of equity securities not only appears warranted but advisable.

This is the concluding issue of this letter for 1963 and is ending on an optimistic note. We take this occasion to wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.

LESLIE C. STUTTS
Manager, Investment Analysis Department

The Foregoing Opinions are not Necessarily Shared by All the Partners of
LAIRD, BISSELL & MEEDS.
—*From a market letter received by an investor.*

Every outfit has its wet blankets.



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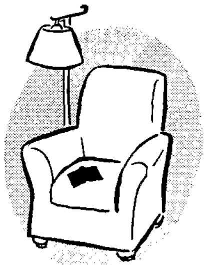
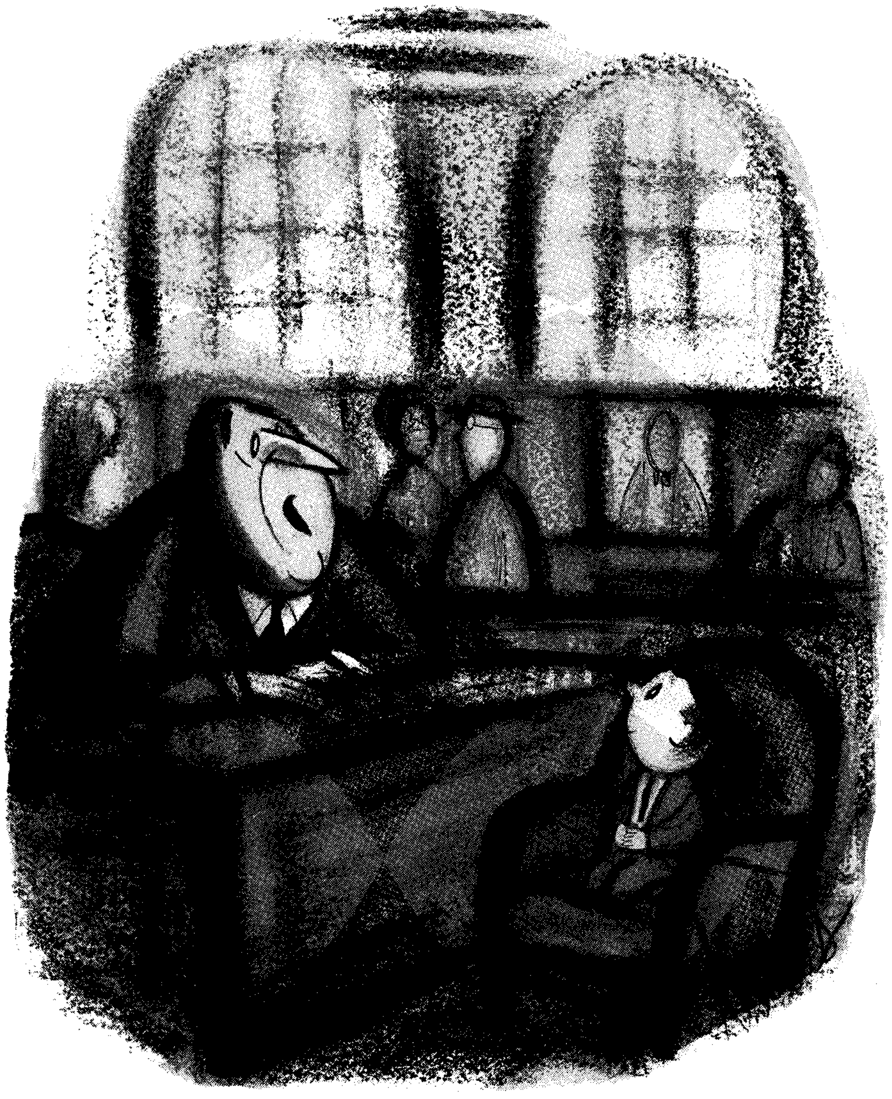


ARTURO USLAR PIETRI, the author of "The Red Lances" (Knopf), is described in a sympathetic preface by Frederico de Onís as "in many ways the most representative writer of modern Venezuela." If this is so, Venezuelan writers must be, as used to be said of police forces, a fine body of men, for Señor Pietri became Minister of Education in his native country when he was thirty-three and later on filled the posts of Minister of Finance and Minister of the Interior. Señor de Onís, who may be suspected of patriotism, goes on to say that "a Venezuelan attribute, which Uslar Pietri possesses to a high degree, is that of belonging integrally to his country while being at the same time very European and universal." This is as may be, but his novel, at least, is profoundly Spanish and he has obviously caught the fire of the spirit of '98, in the particular form which it was given by the novelist Pío Baroja. "The Red Lances" is an adventure story about the war in which the Venezuelans won their freedom from Spanish colonialism with the assistance of Simón Bolívar, and on the surface it appears, like one of Baroja's novels, to be concerned with the actions it describes. But it is soon apparent that the war and the events connected with it are merely the background to the struggle on which the interest of the novel is focussed, and which is a matter of the inner life of each character. The national war is simply the form that external reality has for the time being assumed, and it constitutes that "something other than man, distinct, strange, and alien to him" (the phrase is Ortega y Gasset's), against which he has to fight a lifelong struggle if he is to achieve full existence as an individual and is to be, rather than merely to survive. Baroja's favorite theme is the farce of circumstance that brings it about that when men act to assert their identities they almost always discover aspects of their personalities that take them by surprise.

Señor Pietri has written such a tragicomedy of confrontations between ideal and real selves. It begins with the revolt against Spanish rule as a thing to come of which everybody is conscious, a hurricane that has given ample warning of its impending arrival, and it goes on to show how the event proves that none of the characters have made the right mental preparations for it or foreseen how its transformation from an idea into a reality will actually affect them. The man born a slave who has become the field boss on a big plantation—whose fierce pride, integrity, and native ability as a leader and organizer will never be recognized under Spanish rule because the regime will never allow him, as a mestizo, to be more than a superior kind of serf—is drafted by an accident into the army of the colonialists and becomes a hero fighting against his own cause. In realizing himself as a man of action, he betrays his true self; when he rides into battle he thinks of himself as a caballero and a man who has freed himself, but he has become a trooper in a regiment of horse soldiers and he is a mere cog in a machine working to maintain his own enslavement. It is only at the conclusion of the book, when he is a prisoner dying of his wounds, that he sees Simón Bolívar, the personification of what might have given his heroism real meaning, through the barred window of the cellar in which he has been locked up to await his end. The mestizo's opposite is a plantation owner whose liberal idealism has committed him to the cause of independence. When he joins the rebel forces he finds himself at war not with the Spaniards but with his own cowardice. Not until he has been filled up with rum by the leader of a band of Indian irregulars does he find it possible to go into the fighting without shrinking. It is not rum alone that hardens him for the ordeal but his realization of what the allies with whom he has become involved are. He has chosen his side because he believed in reason, liberty, and justice, and he now sees not idealists but a group of comrades in arms who are intent upon gashing their tongues with the blades of arrows and smearing their



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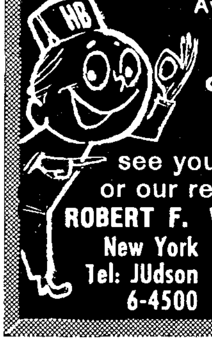

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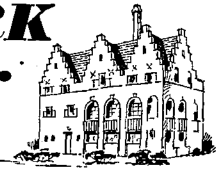

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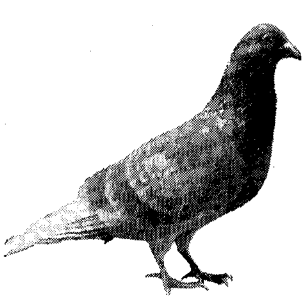
faces with their own blood before an attack. And in the end his heroism is involuntary; his fascination with the test of manhood in which he knows he is bound to fail has drawn him so close to the heart of the battle that he cannot stay out of it. He is swept into a cavalry engagement, and simple inevitability—the fact of his being at a particular spot at a particular moment—brings him to what is for the imagination one of the supreme tests of personal courage, that of meeting a cavalry charge without flinching. He does not flinch, but he is ridden down and killed, so his triumph over his own weakness appears to be futile. And yet the incident in which he meets his death is a decisive one; its outcome gives the commander of the Spanish forces the mistaken impression that the time has come to put on his big attack of the day. It is too soon, and the error costs him the battle that is to lose the war and to bring Venezuela its independence.

This is all very much in the vein of Baroja, and so, too, is the irony that its hero, invisible until the last page, is Simón Bolívar, the romantic liberal idealist whose victory was his own defeat. Born in Caracas when it was the seat of power of the Captaincy General of Venezuela, he went to Spain in 1800 and then on to the France of the Consulate, where he fell in love with freedom and the revolution, and with Napoleon as its embodiment. He was filled with disgust when Napoleon crowned himself Emperor, and moved on from Paris to Milan and Rome. When he was twenty-three, he returned to South America with a passionate loathing of every form of tyranny, and in 1812, after he had armed and equipped five hundred men, he launched a campaign to liquidate all the traces of Spanish authority that remained in the New World. When he had achieved the greater part of his declared intention, he wrote to his friend General Páez:

> I am weary of this way of life and desire nothing but my release. I tremble lest I may descend from the heights to which fortune has raised my name. I never wished for power. It used to oppress me; now it is killing me. But Colombia moves my heart. I see our work being destroyed, and future centuries passing verdict upon us as the culprits. That is why I remain in the place to which the voice of the people has called me.

The agony and distress he expresses is understandable. He loathed tyranny and dictatorship, but the fact that his success was a military success that destroyed the established order had created conditions in which military dictatorship was the only answer to the problem of gov-



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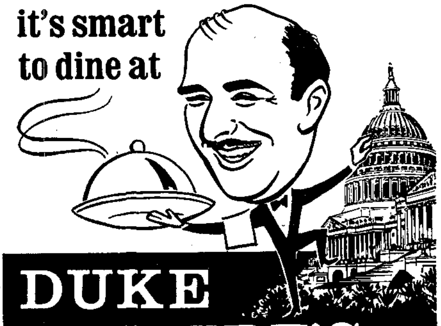

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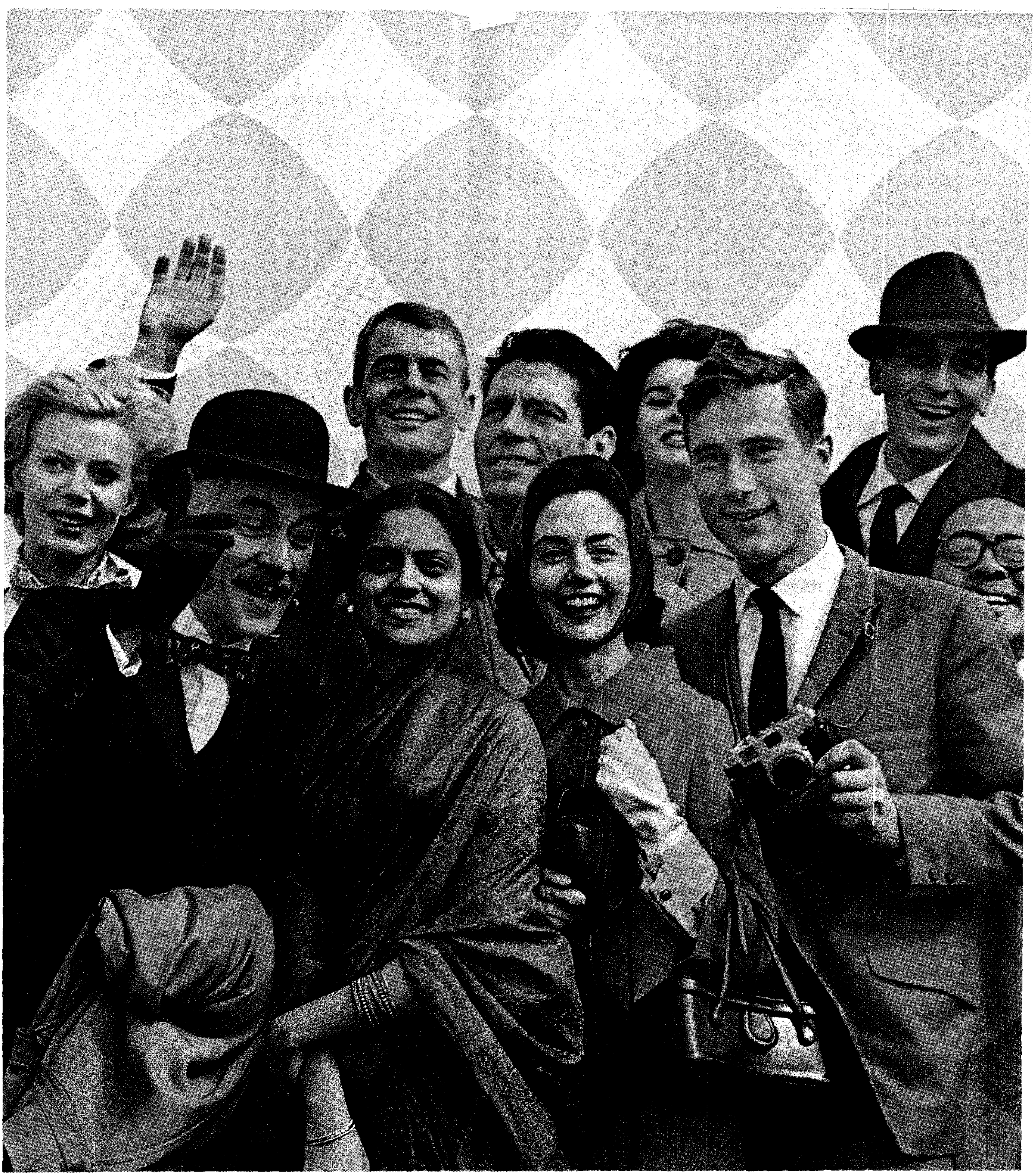

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ernment. He was the first—and knew that he was to be the first—of the endless series of Latin-American Caudillos, each of whom would be brought to power by conditions of intolerable confusion and disorder, and each of whom would at the outset echo his words to Santander: "The dictatorship must bring a total reform with it." Before he died, he was to say, "There have been three great fools in history: Jesus, Don Quixote, and I." After the liberation, Venezuela was to experience fifty-two risings and revolts in seventy years before it settled down to twenty-seven years of comparative tranquillity under the savage dictatorship of Juan Vicente Gómez, whose regime was faced with major outbreaks only in 1929 and 1931. General Contreras rose to power as a result of playing the leading role in suppressing the disorders that broke out on the death of Gómez, in 1935. The army removed the legally elected left-wing government that held office briefly in 1937, and another military revolt overturned the government of Isias Medina in 1945. The elections permitted by the soldiers brought the government of Rómulo Gallegos to power in December, 1947, and that in its turn was removed by a military junta in November, 1948. Its leader, Colonel Chalbaud, was assassinated two years later.

The pattern is not untypical. Between the winning of independence and the end of the century, six of Bolivia's presidents died by assassination, ten constitutions were adopted and overthrown, and sixty revolts took place; Peru tried fifteen constitutions and was shaken by forty revolts and *coups d'état;* Ecuador had twenty-three dictators. Few Latin-American states have realized anything even remotely like the social forms and conditions of the national ideal. The granite of circumstance has made something else of them. It is this tragic background that explains Señor Pietri's spiritual affinity with Baroja and accounts for the underlying pessimism of his novel. His novel, in turn, throws a flood of light on the nature of the forces that have made the background tragic.

"WHEN THE WOLVES HOWL" (Macmillan) is the work of Aquilino Ribeiro, a Portuguese author who is seventy-five years of age and who was put on trial by his foolish and obscurantist government for the offense of having written it. This is not because it is to the smallest degree erotic but because it was thought to hold Dr. Salazar's judiciary and bureaucracy up to ridicule and contempt. No doubt this places Señor Ribeiro on the side of the

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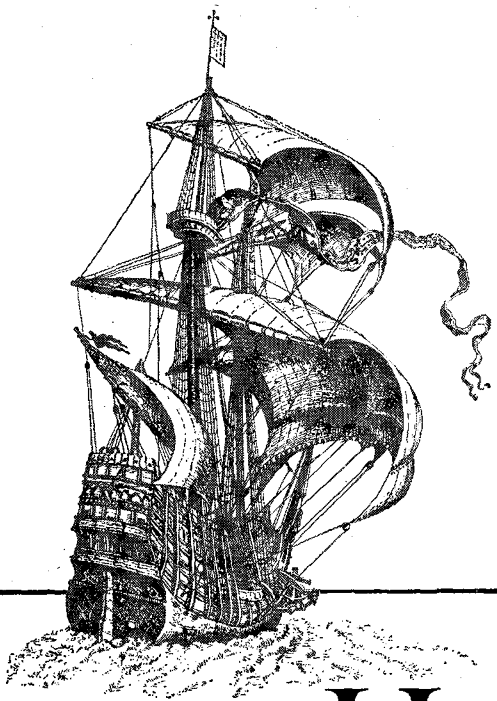

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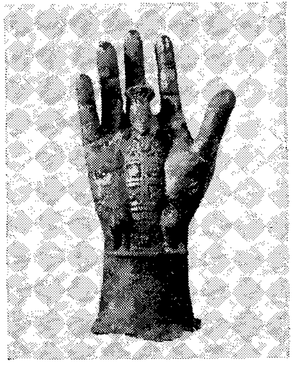

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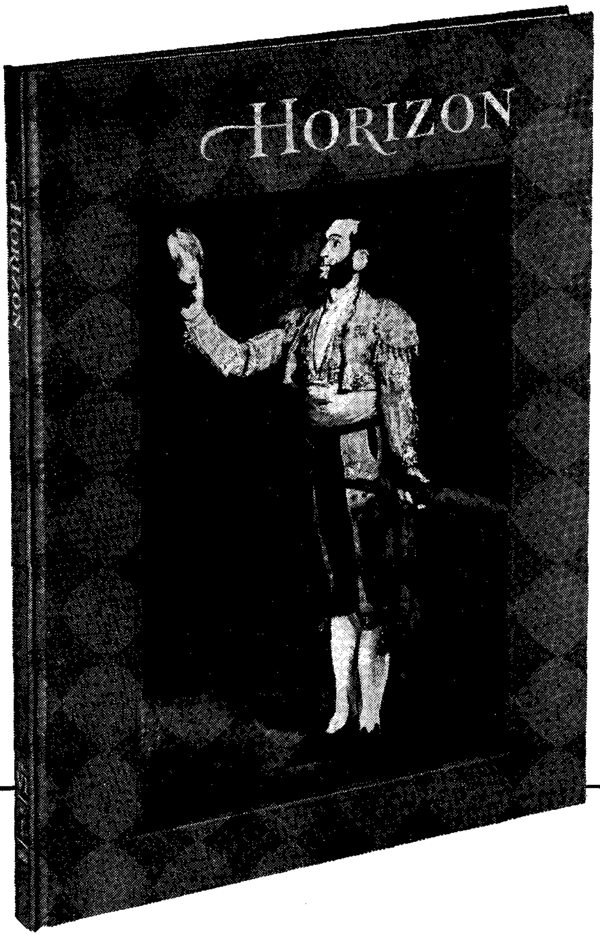

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Thinking Small

The Swiss and the Japanese are specialists in miniaturization. The Swiss can turn out a watch that is a masterpiece of smallness and precision. The Japanese, through the art of *bonsai,* can take a tree and keep it from growing more than two feet tall in perfect proportion over 300 years.

In recent years, even the United States, long famous for thinking big, has produced some miracles of minuteness and condensation: microfilm records, transistors and resistors, dehydrated foods, and many other products demonstrating the old proverb that good things may come in small packages. Many a small product has built a big business.

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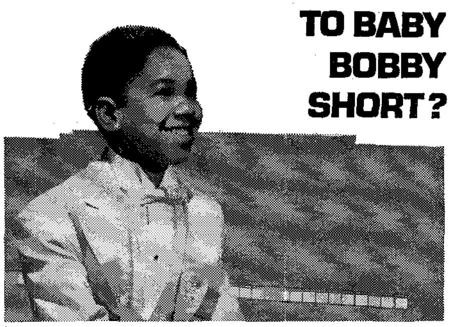
angels, but it must be said that although he writes with remarkable vigor and clarity for a man of his age, and although his story keeps moving readably along, he makes the Portuguese government's hostility to his book seem well-nigh incomprehensible by the time he has done. Señor Ribeiro's victims of bureaucratic tyranny are peasants whose lack of charm is exceptional. Mountaineers living in squalid poverty among the uplands whose forests were destroyed by their remote ancestors and whose soil they have impoverished by centuries of bad farming, they regard every visitor from the outside world, whatever his purposes may be, with morbid suspicion. Señor Ribeiro's bureaucratic villains come into the district with a scheme for closing off the scrub-covered wastes on the heights above these people's farmlands and replanting them with trees. He does his best to make the proposal seem inhumane and unreasonable, but it is quite clear that it has been designed as part of an altogether sensible attack on the district's problems of poverty and human degradation. Are the angels really in favor of prejudice, ignorance, slyness, primitive land hunger, slut farming, rural slums, and destructive malice? Señor Ribeiro's peasants lose their fight to keep the upland wastes barren, and the government at length gets its trees planted. Years go by, and at last a long, dry summer, coming when the trees have reached a certain size, gives one of the more sullen and disagreeable of the peasants a favorable opportunity for revenge. Señor Ribeiro describes the man's night-long ride as he goes from point to point setting his fires with an unholy glee. He manages to destroy the whole of the re-created forest. A tree burned to pay off a human grudge is a convincing emblem of outraged innocence, and the thought of whole blackened hillsides of trees murdered out of spite is a disgusting one. Señor Ribeiro's burning forest, like the mounds of dead in Katyn, Auschwitz, Dresden, and Hiroshima, is an all too effective reminder that there is always an ultimate enemy beyond the enemy who can be named and attacked—the mindless savage called instinct, who believes in a freedom worse than any slavery.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

His playing was fluent, imaginative, sensitive and completely masterful. As an adjunct to this particular concert, it added a touch of the incredible to the unbelievable.—*Alan Rich in the Herald Tribune.*

We don't believe it.



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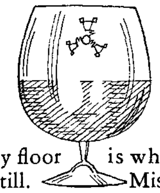

The valley floor is white, enormously still. Mist veils the evergreens. Nibbling deer rattle the frosty oaks. From any window of the Great Lounge you look out on a clean new world. A brandy, by the fire, makes it perfect.

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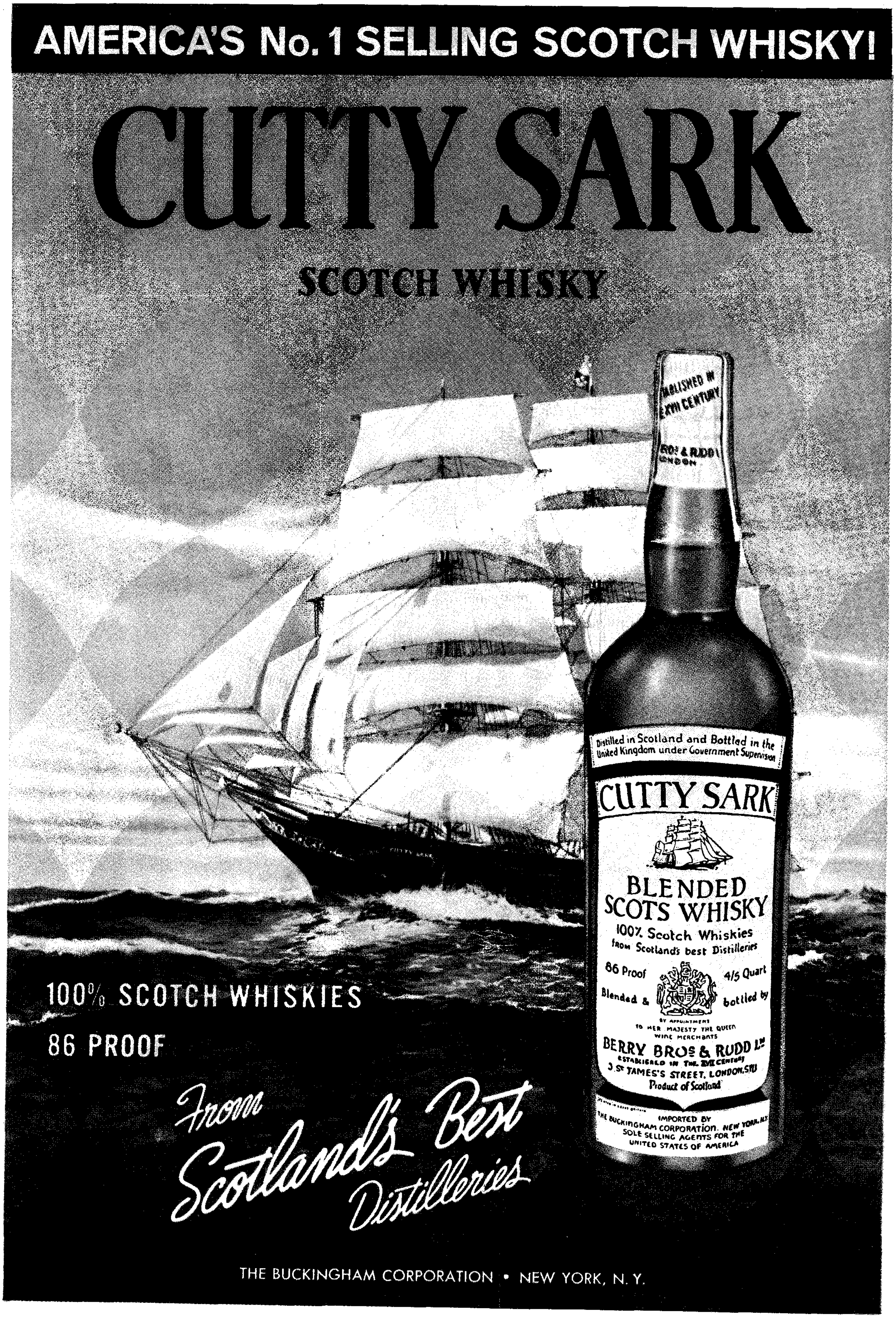
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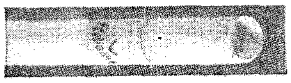

Parliament keeps the filter recessed a neat, clean 1/4 inch away